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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



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WHO'S THAT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR?—UNCLE SAM'S NEW YEAR'S CALLERS.

UNCLE SAM—"A very good showing, indeed; I like your looks, too, and if you'll have a little patience, I'll see that you are all admitted."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
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MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 29, 1888.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

IT is more than one hundred and fifty years since William Paterson, an enthusiastic Scotch merchant, wrote of the American Isthmus: "This door of the seas and key of the universe, with anything of a reasonable management, will enable its proprietors to give laws to both oceans and become arbitrators of the commercial world." Yet this door is still closed, notwithstanding the vast expenditures of skill and wealth it has invited, and the great prizes its opening holds out.

Although it seems like a paradox, yet it is probably true that the recent collapse of the gigantic French effort to cut this door through the Isthmus of Panama will stimulate and make successful the American effort to open a better one by way of Nicaragua. Indeed, that effort had already reached a stage where ultimate success was assured. The collapse of the Panama scheme will only hasten the result. The association of American gentlemen which had obtained a concession from Nicaragua about two years ago were even then assured of the inevitable downfall of the scheme of M. de Lesseps, and were laying their own plans for pushing forward the American enterprise. In November of last year they sent from New York a well-equipped expedition, to supplement and complete former surveys, and to prepare for actual work. This work has been done, and the whole subject is now understood with scientific exactness. It is known now by exact final surveys that the distance from ocean to ocean—from Greystown to Brito—is 169.67 miles, and that of this, 140.68 miles will be free navigation, and only 28.89 miles of canal in excavation. There will be 120.50 miles on the River San Juan and the Lake of Nicaragua, and the rest of the free navigation in basins formed by engineering works carefully planned and thoroughly practicable. It is known, also, that although the work of constructing the canal will be of great magnitude, it will not be one of difficulty. Nature, which the French found such a formidable enemy at Panama, the Americans will find a friend at Nicaragua. And not only in the construction, but in the perpetual use, of the canal will Nature work with us, for Nicaragua is in the heart of the trade-winds, and will invite and offer special convenience to sailing-ships, while the windless area in the vicinity of Panama would constantly embarrass navigation.

The recent careful investigation has made it evident that the canal can be constructed for fifty-five millions of dollars, while the present obligations of the Panama Company are more than seven times that sum.

In view of these facts, the people of this country are now looking with great interest to the actual beginning, and hoping for the speedy completion, of this great national work. The parties who are pushing it forward ask for no Government subsidies or concessions, but only seek the action of the Government in clothing them with corporate power under the laws of the United States. Even this is not essential, but it is very desirable, in order to invest this important enterprise with a dignity worthy of its purposes.

It seems quite certain now that this "door of the seas" is to be opened at last. It is very gratifying that American skill and energy are to accomplish this great work, and having opened the door, will practically retain the key. For if a company chartered by the United States Government, directed by American engineers, and supported by American capital, shall first throw open this door, through which all the vessels of the world, whether under sail or steam, may pass, we shall indeed gain the advantages foreseen by the Scotch merchant-statesman, and be able "to give laws to both oceans and become arbitrators of the commercial world."

THE NEW YEAR.

THE year upon which we are soon to enter will possess for us as a people a peculiar historic interest, for it is the centennial anniversary of the beginning of our Constitutional Government. New Year's Day, 1776, marked the entrance of the centennial year of our independence. New Year's Day, 1889, is the first day of a year not less significant. The founders of our nation soon found that the Articles of Federation adopted in 1778 formed an insufficient bond of union. There could be no general union of States which insisted upon their rights as independent sovereigns. Their laws conflicted. Some levied duties on exports from others, and adjacent ports in different States competed by lowering the rate of imports. There were no general regulations for the control of commerce, the common defense, or the adjustment of controversies between the States. Congress had no authority to regulate commerce or to legislate for the whole country. It is well to recall the confusion and dangers of this collection of unassorted, and we might almost say unrelated, parts, in order that we may realize the importance of the Constitution which bound the warring States together in one nation. The National

Convention called at Philadelphia in 1787 finally adopted the present Constitution, and submitted it to the people of the States. Delaware had the honor of accepting first, in December, 1787, and Rhode Island was last, in May, 1790. But the Constitution was made valid by the acceptance of two-thirds of the States, and it went into operation on March 4th, 1789. New York was named as the capital, and here Washington was inaugurated on April 30th. The anniversary of these significant events is to be fitly celebrated in this city in the year which is now opening. The passing of the old year may be accompanied with some natural regrets, but the coming of the new year is not to be viewed with unconcern by any true American.

And all Americans may congratulate themselves upon the outlook. There is no reason why the general, if not brilliant, prosperity of the past year should not increase. Business has been good in most branches of trade, and working-men have found employment. The least favorable showing has been made by Wall Street, and this has been due to the facts that investors have learned to be conservative to the point of timidity, and excessive railroad-building has led to ruinous competition. The condition of the railroads, especially in the West, is not reassuring, but graver problems have been successfully overcome, and there is reason to hope that some method of reconciling the claims of these corporations, without injustice to the public, may be devised in the coming year.

Perhaps there is no more interesting phase of prosperity than the growth of the New South, and we are assured that this development will be aided under the new Federal Administration. Politically, we have just shown again our ability to effect a peaceful change in the direction of the Government. There are internal problems to be dealt with—the evils of unassimilated immigration, of the organized rum power, and others—but we do not think that any healthy American will shrink from these issues. Politically, moreover, the new year will be important because it will witness what may be termed the official transfer of the balance of power from the East to the Middle West. The chief men in the nation's councils will probably represent at least the region west of the Alleghenies, but the opening year will also add three or four Western members to the United States. All this means progress. True Americans will hail this anniversary year with a prayer that our country may grow in wisdom as in stature.

STANLEY AND EMIN.

THE reported capture of the two explorers in Central Africa has internal evidence for and against it. Osman Digna's letter, sent in to Suakin, which he is besieging, states that Emin Pasha was taken on the 10th of October at Lado. With his letter Osman sent a letter which the Khedive had given to Stanley for Emin, and also some Snider cartridges, supposed at Suakin to be part of the ammunition of the Zanzibaris under Stanley.

Lado, where Emin is said to have been taken captive, is on the Nile, under the parallel of 5° N. Lat. and 160 miles north of Wadelai, Emin's head-quarters. It is not clear what Emin could be doing in that direction. Nearly every letter received from him in the past three years declares his purpose to hold his ground and not to give up the work in his province. If he changed his mind on these points, why should he move to the north? His force was in any case a small one, and the whole region between Wadelai and Khartoom was in the power of the hostile Arabs. If it be supposed that he intended, after reaching Lado, to embark his force on the Nile for Khartoom, he had before him a voyage of 1,200 miles through a country filled with enemies, and his objective point was their chief stronghold. There could hardly be a madder undertaking. The only explanation of his presence at Lado is that he had been forced to abandon Wadelai, and was in retreat or in flight with the men that remained to him. This, while it would make for the truth of Osman Digna's letter, would justify the gravest fears, not only for the life of Emin and of Stanley, if Stanley is with him, but for the future of Egypt.

Absolutely nothing is known of Stanley. The tale of his capture may be true, though the white man with Emin is more likely to be Captain Casati; but Mr. Joseph Thomson may also be right in his theory that Stanley has been killed. One speculation with regard to him is as reasonable as another, in the total silence that has wrapped him for eighteen months past.

One fact, and only one, is beyond question: the whole of the former Egyptian Equatorial Province is in the hands of the Arabs, and the work begun there by Gordon in 1878, and continued by Emin, is swept away. A necessary consequence is that the European colonies and protectorates—German, English and Italian—must fight for their lives. The matter is even more serious than this for England. In assuming control of Egypt, she has assumed responsibilities which she, unlike Egypt, dare not shirk. Her prestige and her power have been seriously damaged in Africa and in India by the fall of Khartoom, the death of Gordon, and the retreat of the English flag down the Nile. To the Mohammedans in Africa and to the people of India the English hold Egypt as they hold Suakin, only for a time and on sufferance, till the triumphant Arabs, who recovered Khartoom, make their final rush.

This is the interpretation put upon the English inac-

tivity in Egypt and the isolation of Suakin; and to this interpretation the disasters in the Equatorial Provinces will give a meaning and a weight not to be explained away. Suakin must be held, and Khartoom must be taken, if England is to hold her ground, not merely in Egypt, but in India. The British Cabinet has cause enough for long and careful deliberation as well as for stern resolution. Emin, standing by the Egyptian flag in Wadelai, was virtually defending the English interest, and Stanley, if he has perished, died for the extension of English power and the furtherance of English designs in Africa. It is well to give these men regret and tears, but they disappear in the shades of a coming ruin, and if England would not fight for her life, she must strike now and with all her might for empire.

GENERAL HARRISON AND THE SOUTH.

THE recent visit of Southern manufacturers to General Harrison has been rightly described as "the most notable and important political incident at Indianapolis since the election." The visitors were ten business men from Northern Alabama—four Republicans and six Democrats—representing nearly \$20,000,000. They brought a memorial signed by 200 business men and manufacturers of Birmingham, representing \$30,000,000 of capital. Nearly five-sixths of the number were Democrats. These facts illustrate two points—that property has no politics, and that protection is gaining ground in the South. The mission of these gentlemen was to urge the appointment of men to Federal offices in the South so qualified by character and ability as to command the respect and confidence of the progressive business element, and to advocate the adoption of a policy which, by insisting on protection and the development of the industries of the South, will build up two parties which shall divide on national issues.

This is the voice of the "New South," which, instead of assuming an attitude of hostility and taking General Harrison's enmity for granted, is anxious to present its views freely and frankly, and to seek recognition and assistance for its great material growth. Nothing could better illustrate the change in the South than this recent incident. The division on other than race lines which those men seek is something which has been recognized as a prime necessity by unprejudiced observers of both parties, North and South. In Atlanta and other cities, where an issue was made on prohibition, the race vote was divided, and each side was strong enough to insure a free ballot and an honest count. It would be so everywhere with a frank division upon the issue of protection; and it cannot be doubted that the "solid South" will divide upon this issue as its manufacturing interests increase, unless a disposition is shown to revive sectional animosities, and to insist upon Federal interference by unworthy officials. But we do not apprehend anything of the kind on the part of General Harrison. His reception of the Southern delegates showed an appreciation of the Southern problem and a desire for fair treatment. He recognizes the fact that the South is making progress, and that Federal intervention *per se* is an evil. He is on record as against Federal aid to education in the South, and as in favor of self-help. "One dollar voted by the people of a school district is worth ten dollars from the United States Treasury," he said in his Senate speech of March, 1884. The soundness of his opinion has been vindicated by facts. Within four years Florida increased the amount expended upon her common schools from \$133,260 to over \$400,000. The Georgia Legislature has at last yielded to the demands of progressive sentiment, and one branch has passed a Bill appropriating half a million dollars for the public schools. "I am glad," says ex-Governor Reed of Florida, "that the record of General Harrison while Senator justifies the opinion that no more such foolishness as the Blair Bill will be encouraged by the President."

This record, and General Harrison's recent attitude, show that he understands the South. He will probably select a Southern man for his Cabinet, and instead of attempting an arbitrary attitude, his policy will be fair and even liberal—national in the broadest sense—and it cannot but result in the building up of the Republican party at the South and the obliteration of the old race line in politics.

FOOD AND LABOR.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM O. ATWATER, of Wesleyan University, is responsible for certain interesting statements regarding the food consumed by the laboring classes in this country and in Europe, that go far to explain the cause of the superiority of American industrial products. As every one is aware, in a general way, the working-man in this country is far better fed than his European rival; but few have stopped to draw the conclusions that may be drawn from this premise. The nutritive value of food depends, of course, on its ability to form bone, muscle and tissue, or the fat that furnishes fuel for the human organism. This quality is called by scientific writers "potential energy," and the unit of measurement in calculating it is termed a "calorie." German experts assure us that from 2,500 to 3,000 calories must be furnished daily by the food consumed if the man is to be kept in good working condition. As a matter of fact, statistics show that the food used by the laboring classes of Europe, even of the higher grades, seldom gives more than 2,500 calories, and usually falls below that figure; while among the wealthy, rarely more than 4,000 are produced.

Turning to the operatives in the New England mills, Professor Atwater, and the Massachusetts Board of Labor, find that the food consumed furnishes from 3,000 to 3,500 calories of potential energy; while among certain favored classes of working-men it produces as much as 5,000. The cause of this great increase seems to be the fact that meat and fatty foods being cheaper on this side of the water, and wages higher, a larger amount of these are consumed, and thus the average American laborer develops far more muscle and bodily heat than the average laborer in Europe. That the former earns more money, and does better work, is a natural consequence. Thus an American contractor and builder asserts that a brick wall can be put up more cheaply in Columbia, O., than in Leipzig, Germany, although bricks cost more in the latter city, and the wages paid are about the same in both localities. The American brick-layer, however, does so much more work in a given time, that the difference in the cost of the material he handles is more than counterbalanced.

Again, Consular reports prove that American goods that are largely the product of labor undersell English goods of similar character in the markets of the Far East, while American goods in which the raw material is the principal element of cost cannot compete with foreign products abroad.

Notwithstanding these encouraging facts, it remains true that while the American laborer is uniformly well-fed, because of the cheapness of food, few of his class know how to "market" to the

best advantage. It is not an uncommon spectacle to witness the working-man buying high-priced meats while his wealthier neighbor purchases cheaper cuts, and gets as much, and sometimes even more, nutriment in return for the outlay. What our laboring man needs is education as to the potential energy of producing-quality of different kinds of food. At present, his purchases are made in the most reckless manner, while the ignorance that prevails in his kitchen supplements his own unwise, and as a result, the power of even his liberal wages to provide the comforts of life for his family is largely curtailed.

THE ANNEXATION NONSENSE.

IT is difficult to understand why the project of Canadian annexation should be agitated at this time. No one outside of Congress, so far as we know, wants the subject discussed. The raising of such a question near the end of one Administration, and before the beginning of another, and more especially at the close of the old Congress, is, to say the least, inopportune. With our Canadian neighbors the subject is always inopportune and peculiarly distasteful. For it is known throughout the United States, and ought to be known in Congress, that there is an overwhelming public sentiment in the Canadian Dominion against annexation in any form. This being the fact, the true attitude to maintain in this country is that of unconcerned indifference and unarmed neutrality. For we can do nothing to hasten annexation on this side of the line, however much we might desire it, and a proper national pride and self-respect should teach us not to desire to force a union which our neighbors abhor.

The Canadians will never be annexed to this country until they annex themselves. It is for them to apply for admission into the American Union, when the proper time comes, and for us to say whether we shall then admit them or not.

A commercial union is an impracticable scheme, because it proposes to bestow all the advantages of a political union without the assumption of any of its obligations or burdens. It would be very nice for the Canadians to hold to their monarchical ideas and at the same time enjoy all the commercial freedom and commercial equality vouchsafed under a republican government. But if Americans have to foot the bills, they would probably prefer to know that they are getting as much for their trouble as they give or grant. An assimilation of duties is an inadmissible scheme which receives its chief support in the library of Professor Goldwin Smith. The immediate business we have on hand with Canada is to settle with her the Fisheries disputes. These unending controversies will never be permanently settled until our fishermen are allowed freedom to fish in Canadian waters, and can enjoy the unrestricted hospitality of Canadian ports. For these privileges we, of course, must give equivalents, such as admitting Dominion fish, lumber and coal free of duty. This means unrestricted reciprocity in certain lines of trade and commerce. Or, in other words, a new Reciprocity Treaty, so framed as to remove the duty from what Canada has to send us, and also the Dominion duty from what we most desire to ship to them. Thus the trade, and hence the profit, of the business men in both countries would be increased and enlarged.

JUDICIAL SOLEMNITY DISTURBED.

THE overpowering awe and solemnity of the Supreme Court of the United States is so proverbial, that it is about the last place in the world to which any person in his right senses would resort in search of frivolity and glee. And yet, one day last week, that portion of the Capitol Building at Washington in which the grave and reverend seignors of the law have their sacred shrine rang with such peals of infectious laughter, that Senator Edmunds, who happened to pass that way, was struck dumb with amazement and superstitious fear. It appeared that the case of *Anderson vs. Miller & Co.* was on, and ex-Congressman John D. Wise, of Virginia, was addressing the court in behalf of the appellants. The question involved was the validity of a patent upon a certain patch for men's drawers, designed to reinforce this indispensable garment at the point where a catastrophe is most to be dreaded. Mr. Wise is a brilliant young lawyer, subject to an occasional bubbling over of animal spirits; he is also possessed of a countenance which rivals in grave mobility that of the eminent M. Coquelin. An able-bodied pair of drawers having been introduced into the courtroom, he utilized them as a "property" with as telling effect—in an opposite direction—as Marc Antony did the mantle of Caesar. Mr. Wise quoted high authority to show that the patch in question, which the plaintiff's counsel had claimed would "make one pair of drawers as good as two pairs," was totally against the laws of nature, inasmuch as the patent proposed to patch drawers before they were torn, while the logic of events was never to patch drawers until they were torn. From time immemorial, he declared with a fine burst of eloquence, it had been the proud prerogative of wives, mothers and sisters to patch the drawers of their own husbands, sons and brothers, and yet this patent struck boldly at one of the sacred privileges of the domestic hearth. Referring to the claim that one pair was as good as two pairs, he argued upon the well-known principle of the game of "draw," that "one pair" could not possibly be as good as "two pairs." In another game, "splits" were always in favor of the dealer; but in the remarkable case here presented, the reverse was true, and the "splits" were against the dealer. The sapient justices were not slow to seize these allusions to the games of draw poker and faro; and their gravity, which had long been tottering upon its throne, was at this point fairly carried by storm. The spectacle of the learned counsel frantically waving the pair of drawers, while the white-haired justices roared with laughter to the verge of apoplexy, was certainly a rare one in the annals of the Supreme Bench. It cannot be doubted, however, that whatever may have been lost in dignity was more than made good by the gain in human sympathy.

THE POOR PLAYER.

SOME stir has been occasioned in theatrical circles by the action of a deputation of the Actors' Order of Friendship in urging, before the Ford Immigration Investigation Committee at Washington, that professional actors and musicians, now expressly exempted from the provisions of the Contract-labor Law, be included within them. In support of their demand, the petitioners allege that the effect of the Act has been to permit the bringing into the country of large numbers of cheap foreign—notably English—professionals, who are imported to support foreign "stars," for the reason that they can be contracted for abroad at considerably less than half the rates current here for American actors competent to perform the same work. Not only this, but wardrobes, stage properties and scenery are, it is stated, also brought into the country without the payment of duties, to the injury of American dealers and scenic artists.

Against these assertions several of our leading managers, who chiefly devote themselves to the importation of foreign "stars," earnestly protest. They insist that the alleged great difference in

the wages of foreign and American stock-players does not exist, and that the former are brought here simply because, as in the case of Miss Anderson and Mr. Irving, they are accustomed to play the dramas produced, and because it is much easier to place the pieces on the stage with the same people who acted in them in London than to engage actors in America who are ignorant of the English stage methods, and whom it would be both costly and troublesome to rehearse sufficiently to make their services as valuable as those of the imported company. It is further urged that if the representations of the Order of Friendship are heeded, there will be an end of the visits of leading foreign "stars" to this country, and our American public will thus be deprived of witnessing many of the most brilliant representatives of the foreign stage.

While we greatly doubt whether this argument is entitled to consideration—the power of American dollars being too potent in drawing high-class professionals across the Atlantic to be resisted—it is not probable that the granting of the petition of the American actors would be followed by all the good results that they anticipate. While some few of the professionals in this country now unemployed might find engagements if foreign artists were debarred from landing on these shores, there would still be a large number not drawing salaries in this and other cities for reasons in no way connected with foreign immigration. It is true now, and has been true any time during the past decade, that the profession of acting is greatly injured as a means of affording a livelihood by the numbers of partially educated men and women who have joined its ranks, attracted by the large rewards reaped by a few popular favorites. But as the adage holds good, "Once an actor, always an actor," few, if any, of these disappointed aspirants ever return to other and more profitable, if less public, callings, and the result is a never-failing plethora of dramatic "talent."

Joined to this cause is the present unfortunate preference on the part of the public for a class of pieces in which almost any clever graduate from the music-hall may make a "hit." This predilection opens the stage-door to still another army of rivals to the carefully educated and competent actor, and it is difficult, so long as the public taste remains at the low artistic mark that it has recently touched, to point out a remedy. The "overcrowding" of the "profession" to which the Committee of the Order of Friendship alludes is painfully apparent; but from the best information available, it is more than doubtful whether the classification of foreign actors as "contract laborers" would essentially ameliorate the situation.

A VIGOROUS effort was made in the House of Representatives, last week, to strike out of the Legislative Appropriation Bill all items for expenses under the Civil-service Law. The supporters of the proposition, who were all Democrats, denounced the law as tending to establish "a favored class," and it was boldly insisted that it ought to be abolished. Twenty-five votes in all were cast for the motion to starve out the Commission by withholding all salaries, and the Bill was finally passed by a decisive majority, showing that even in the House of Representatives the principle of Civil-service Reform has an honest and solid backing.

SOME of the newspapers assume that the visit of Senator Quay to General Harrison, last week, was for the purpose of "fixing" the Cabinet of the latter, and that the wishes of the Senator will be decisive with the President-elect. This is the purest assumption. General Harrison will make his own Cabinet. Senator Quay's suggestions will no doubt command attention, and they are likely to be sagacious and conservative, but they will not be determinative. That he should visit General Harrison, to whose election his superb management of the campaign largely contributed, was at once natural and proper, but those who know the man do not need to be assured that he would not proffer advice unless it was solicited.

SENATOR EDMUND has seized the occasion of the collapse of the Panama Canal Company to formulate, once more, in a resolution presented in the Senate, the doctrine that has been consistently maintained by the Government of the United States as to any canal connecting the oceans that wash our shores. The resolution declares that our Government "will look with serious concern and disapproval upon any connection of any European Government with the construction or control" of any such canal, "and must regard any such connection or control as injurious to the just rights and interests of the United States and as a menace to their welfare." The resolution, which will no doubt be adopted, is at once timely and proper.

IT looks as if no legislation concerning Trusts will, after all, be enacted by the present Congress. The House Committee on Manufactures has several Bills before it, but a majority of the members are said to have reached the conclusion that Congress is powerless to pass any laws that will prevent combinations of the character indicated. The chairman of the Committee believes that the only remedy is a law preventing the pooling of stock; but Congress cannot pass such a law. It must be left to the States which granted the charters bestowing the right upon share-holders to transfer their stock as they please. In cases of combination for the sale or manufacture of products which are protected by the tariff, the Committee believes that the only practicable remedy, though not always a complete one, is a reduction of duty; but it does not yet see its way clear to the formation of a law that will properly restrict combination under penalty for violation of the law's provisions. The opinion is given that the Trust organizations are so shrewdly perfected that no Federal law can reach the active agents in the combinations.

SO MUCH has been said in the newspapers acent our fast-disappearing ocean commerce, that certain statements of the Commissioner of Navigation in his report for the year ending in June last will give heart of hope to many readers. It is certainly encouraging to know that while our foreign-going tonnage is steadily decreasing—as it must continue to decrease until a change is effected in the laws—our domestic or coastwise tonnage is steadily increasing. Thus our total tonnage, in spite of adverse legislation, is 4,191,915 tons, and ranks us next to Great Britain as a maritime power. It is also to be remarked that, while the building of sailing-vessels is rapidly decreasing in foreign ship-yards, that branch of industry forms the larger part of the employment given to American shipwrights. For the next year or two, however, this will be supplemented by the construction of iron and steel ships for the naval service. The tonnage of the vessels built in this country last year was 218,086 tons—an increase of 67,637 tons over the year previous. This is the bright side of the picture. To offset it, there is, as we have said, the steady annual diminution in foreign-going tonnage. In 1856 this amounted to 2,948,318 tons, while last year it had fallen to 989,412 tons. Not only does this represent so much trade lost, but the doing away with the employment of many seamen and vessels that would otherwise have been engaged in furnishing supplies for the tonnage. An analysis of the collection of the tonnage tax shows that foreign craft continue to crowd ours out of the foreign trade even in our own ports. The tax paid by

American merchantmen is thus less than one-quarter of that paid by British vessels alone. Norwegian, German and French bottoms also enter into this competition so disgraceful to our law-makers. The energy and business ability displayed by our merchant marine in the coastwise service proves conclusively that their inability to win a fair share of the foreign trade is due to no deterioration on the part of our American seamen and ship-owners. Give them the protection of just laws, and the American flag will again be seen flying in every sea.

THE British garrison at Suakin, with the heavy reinforcements lately received there, and a bombarding fleet off the shore, achieved last week, under the command of General Grenfell, what passes for a brilliant victory. They drove back, with a slaughter of some hundreds, the horde of fanatical Arabs who had beleaguered the little Red Sea port ever since the British occupied it in the name of Egypt, and who will probably continue to harass it indefinitely until the Khedive's empire shall be strongly asserted in the Upper Nile Valley. The importance of Suakin appears to be derived principally from the fact that its occupation thus far has cost the lives of about ten thousand soldiers and natives. The British Government cannot afford to abandon it now, and evidently has no intention of doing so. Lord Salisbury, in speeches at Scarborough and London upon receipt of the news from Egypt, reiterated the declaration that, while the Ministry had no intention of entangling the country in a new Soudan expedition, Suakin must and would be held. It would, as he says, "be madness to surrender Suakin on the eve of suppressing slavery, because the final struggle with the slave-dealers must be fought upon the Red Sea."

THE House Committee on Indian Affairs has agreed to report favorably the Bill introduced by Mr. Gifford, of Dakota, amendatory of the law providing for the division of the great Sioux reservation, and the relinquishment of the Indian title to the remainder. As the rates now are, it is provided that \$1.25 an acre shall be paid for all lands taken within the first three years, 75 cents for land taken within the next two, and 50 cents for all taken afterwards. All lands remaining unsold at the end of ten years shall be taken by the Government at the rate of 50 cents an acre. These rates may be held to represent a fair compromise. It was originally proposed to pay 75 cents, a rate afterwards raised by the Commission, and the Indians wanted \$1.50, and would probably have insisted upon more. It is also provided that one-third of the funds realized from the sale of lands shall be set apart for the education of the Indians, and the remaining two-thirds divided among them. The educational appropriation is certainly an excellent idea, and if the Sioux are taught and encouraged to support themselves, there will be a great change for the better in their estate.

IT is now explained that the much-talked-of "Railroad Trust" is likely to be more than a common "clearing-house." Indeed, it is affirmed that the plan contemplates the formation of a stock company and the leasing of the various lines in order to bring them all under one management. Although this scheme seems chimerical, it may be remembered that Gould, Huntington, Strong, and other "magnates" controlling many millions, are among the promoters. This is considered legitimate because competition in building and rate-cutting has already driven some of the great Western roads to the verge of bankruptcy. This condition is, of course, most injurious not only to the stockholders, but also to business interests generally, and the ordinary system of pooling has proved inadequate. But this raises the question whether the proposed combination is intended to support unnecessary lines built in excess of the demands of business by imposing higher tariffs upon the general public. Roads built for legitimate business, and able of themselves to obtain sufficient business at fair rates, may be held to justify their resistance. But the public should not be taxed to make good the folly of crazy railroad-building.

HENRY GEORGE returns from a three-weeks sojourn in Great Britain full of enthusiasm over the prospects of the crusade in favor of his pet theory regarding the taxation of land. He reports that a marked change in public sentiment has occurred in England since his last visit to that country four years ago; and that whereas he was then given the "cold shoulder," speaking metaphorically, he was now heartily welcomed by both press and people. It is not strange that in a country where the land question enters so largely into politics, and will doubtless prove the rock on which existing political parties will go to pieces, Mr. George should find many willing believers in his peculiar theories. Between, however, the tying up of nine-tenths of the soil in the hands of a few titled millionaires, and the "nationalizing" of the same by donating it to the people, lies a sufficiently wide gulf to make a middle course practicable. Fortunately, those who deprecate the absorption of the national domain by a few to the detriment of the many are not shut up to Mr. George's theories in searching for a way out of the difficulty. However, reformers of this stamp may do good by awakening the people to the injustice of the existing order of things; but when the time arrives to decide the question, wiser counsels and a more intelligent plan will, doubtless, be adopted—wiser than any that has as yet been put forward. Reforms rarely follow the paths laid out for them, and it is just possible that the land question is to be ultimately settled by a greater even than Henry George!

THE heir-apparent to the throne of England might, of all men, most reasonably be supposed to furnish the polite world with a consummate model of tact and *savoir faire*, even on the most trying occasions. That or nothing has been his life-long profession, and there has been no time, apparently, when his experience in the arts of pleasing and impressing his future subjects could be turned to better account than at present. And yet, His Royal Highness has made a terrible mess of his much-vaunted command of that famous and conservative organization, the Honorable Artillery Company of London, representatives of which paid us a visit a year or so ago. He has summarily disorganized the body, and taken away its arms and equipments, treating it as if it had been guilty of mutiny on the field of battle; whereas its real offense, according to the *St. James Gazette*, consisted in refusing to indorse a proposal of the Prince of Wales to vote £500 for military purposes, and in opposing a suggestion that they should abandon certain charter privileges. It is certain that the action of the Prince has brought down a storm of public censure upon his royal head. The Artillerymen, who appear to be confident of reorganization, have "talked back" to their disciplinarian with surprising asperity. The public sympathize with them, and the press characterizes the affair as "monstrous," "a remarkable blunder," and unworthy of the heir-apparent to the throne of a great nation. The *Pall Mall Gazette* roundly declares that if the Prince behaved as sovereign as he has behaved as captain of this company, his tenure of the throne would be brief. Grave mistakes, as we see, will happen in the best-regulated royal families; and the prince business is in a less flourishing condition than it has been.

Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 335.



SWITZERLAND.—THE LATE PRESIDENT HERTENSTEIN.



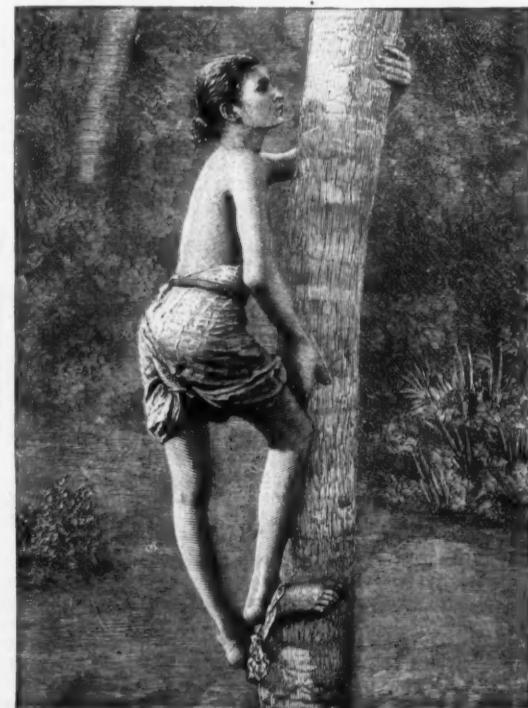
FRANCE.—THE TOMB AND STATUE OF BAUDIN, IN THE MONTMARTRE CEMETERY, PARIS.



INDIA.—NEW VICTORIA TERMINUS AND OFFICES OF THE PENINSULAR RAILWAY, BOMBAY.



SCOTLAND.—TRANSFERRING THE WALLACE SWORD FROM DUMBARTON CASTLE TO STIRLING.



CEYLON.—NATIVE METHOD OF CLIMBING COCOA-PALMS.



PENNSYLVANIA.—LIEUTENANT EMORY H. TAUNT, UNITED STATES CONSUL TO THE CONGO STATE.
PHOTO. BY THOMSON, LONDON.

LIEUTENANT EMORY H. TAUNT,
UNITED STATES CONSUL TO THE CONGO STATE.

ALTHOUGH Lieutenant Taunt has been appointed a Consul by the President, his mission to the Congo State, Africa, and his instructions from the State Department, invest him rather with the functions of a *Commissioner*. But the Act passed by Congress was for a "Consul" at a salary of \$4,000, Senator Morgan being unable to induce the Senate to grant \$25,000 for an exploring expedition. Lieutenant Taunt is no stranger to the Congo River

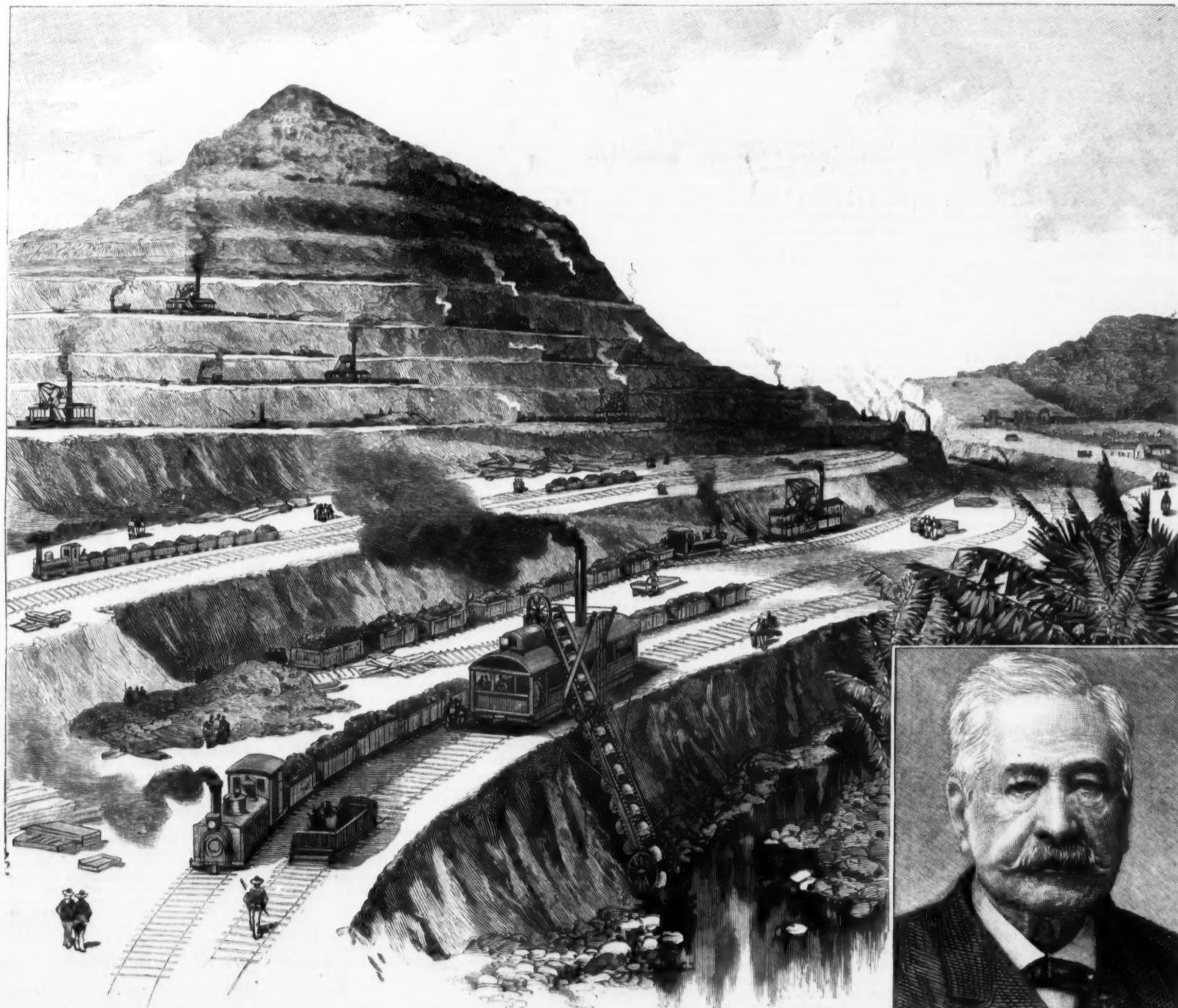


MICHIGAN.—BUILDING OF THE LADIES' LITERARY CLUB AT GRAND RAPIDS.
SEE PAGE 334.

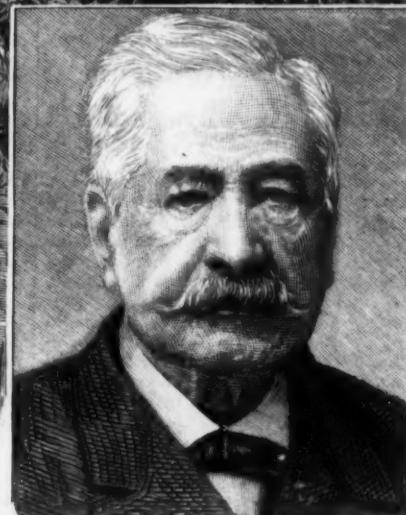
and its tributaries, a period of six months having been spent by him there in the Summer of 1885.

Emory H. Taunt was born in New York. He was appointed from Pennsylvania to the Naval Academy, July 24th, 1865, and graduated a Midshipman, June 4th, 1869. He served in the Mediterranean Squadron on board the *Sabine*, flag-ship *Franklin*, steamer *Guerrière*, and steamer *Richmond*; was promoted to Ensign, July

12th, 1870; served as such on the steamer *Tuscarora*, in the North and South Pacific Squadron, from 1872 to 1874; was promoted Master, December 28th, 1872; served on the steam-ship *Brooklyn* in 1874; the *Shaumut*, in the West Indies Squadron, in 1876; was commissioned a Lieutenant, August 15th, 1876, and ordered to duty at the Portsmouth Navy-yard. In 1884 Lieutenant Taunt was one of the brave officers detailed for the Greely Relief Expedition to



THE COLLAPSE OF THE PANAMA CANAL.—A VIEW OF THE CUT THROUGH THE CULEBRA MOUNTAIN, SHOWING THE GREAT PHYSICAL OBSTACLES TO BE OVERCOME.
FROM A PHOTO.—SEE PAGE 334.



Count Ferdinand de Leaesp.

the Arctic regions, and was third officer in command on board the *Thetis*. He it was who found the papers of Lieutenant Greely in a cairn upon Brevoort Island, giving directions as to where he (Greely) went the preceding Winter, and was the means of saving the survivors of the party. After returning with the Greely survivors, and in the following year (1885), he ascended the Congo River, Central Africa, in May, with three companions, penetrating the Congo country beyond or above Stanley Falls; this in obedience to orders from the Navy Department. His report to the Secretary of the Navy on his explorations is a masterpiece of the kind, and one of the most readable on record, relating to the character of the country, system of government, food, seasons, hygiene, Congo natives, missions, commerce, trading posts, articles used in trade, exports, communication with Europe, etc. There is more practical information crowded in its forty-two pages than is to be found in thick volumes of superficial investigators and casual observers. Secretary Bayard's instructions to Consul Taunt are: "To visit and report upon the commercial resources of the Upper and Lower Congo basins, their products, mineral and vegetable wealth, the openings for American trade, and to collect such information on the subjects of the country as shall be of interest to the United States." As to "the openings for American trade," the report already referred to says they are not encouraging, as foreign firms have a monopoly. But it adds: "The goods and merchandise of all descriptions used in trade, as well as the canned provisions used on the Congo, are purchased in Europe. A great deal of the canned fruit, milk and beef, I noticed, had been canned in America, sold to the European dealers, and resold to the Congo State and to the traders. The demand for everything required in new settlements is becoming greater every day, more especially for cotton goods and canned food, cutlery, furniture and lumber. Lumber in particular will, I am sure, find a ready market. Wooden houses are springing up on all sides, the lumber for which is imported from Europe; for notwithstanding the fact that there is plenty of timber on the Lower Congo, there is no machinery for working the wood into shape; and, if the houses could be shipped to the Congo ready to be put together, it would be a great gain, as skilled mechanics are few and far between. I learned from the committee at Brussels that they would willingly purchase from American dealers if they could deliver the stores at the Congo equally as good as those now received, and on more favorable terms."

Consul Taunt will leave for the Congo State during the next fortnight.

RETROSPECTION.

"Mais—où sont les neiges d'antan?"

—VILLON.

SIGHING, she rose, and o'er her shapely head Stretching her long white arms to th' empty air, She leaned against the window. She was fair As any old-time goddess to whom men Bowed low the knee in Argolis.

She said: "All this, I know, is sweet and true—but then—Alas! 'tis all so old to me, and when Men say they love me, one who, long ago, Swore that he loved, then left me, comes again Before mine eyes, and smiles in high disdain To see them strive to wake a love long dead. Tell me no more! I cannot bear the pain Of living it once more, dear friend, and so, Tell me of things more exquisite than this; Of loyal friendship—love that claims no kiss Of passion to belie its gentle name. Ask nothing more! nor seek my love; you know All that has died within me."

Then, in low, Impassioned whispers, did I strive to break The cold frost-mantle, and for her dear sake I vowed abandonment of all that life Held dear for me. But presently the strife I saw was ended—wasted; so, in dull Cold misery I turned. And 'mid the lull, The silence of our souls, she softly said: "Leave me to mourn alone. I am afraid! For love to me may ne'er be aught but shame, And now the only memory that may Bring joy to me is his—of yesterday!"

EDWARD HERON ALLEN.

A STORY OF INDIAN AFFECTION.

RAIN-IN-THE-FACE AND HIS CHILD.

IT sometimes seems that love and tenderness are strangers to the fierce and warlike characters of the world who have acquired their fame through most bloody and heartless deeds. To one whose mind turns from war and slaughter with the impression that all concerning it is terrible, brutal and inhuman, the assertion that the warrior—especially if he be a dusky savage—has a heart which is touched by the subtle influences of affection sounds like the driveling of a sentimentalist.

Yet those who have studied the lives of these grim and savage warriors—who have stripped the better being of its coarse and hardened exterior—have found the fires of affection warm aglow. In every human being is an instinct which, although dormant, alas! too much of the time, is admirable and noble when aroused.

I have never known a more touching career than that of Rain-in-the-Face, one of the most notorious of the Sioux chiefs, whose record during the late Indian wars excited horror among the whites and envy among his savage rivals. Rain-in-the-Face is to-day the most famous of the Sioux, with the exceptions of Sitting Bull and Gall. It was he who, while under arrest at Fort Lincoln for a crime which would have insured his death on conviction, broke from the guard-house and escaped, although the guards were keeping careful watch about the building. Tall, handsome, fierce and daring, he was the pride of his followers. He knew no fear and recognized no danger. Always ready for the war-path, he was looked upon by the Indians as an ideal chief; and by his vigorous prosecution of the war which ended so disastrously to the immortal Custer, he gained a world-wide reputation.

But to turn from war to the story of his domestic life. With the admiration of the chief's warriors came the love of a maiden—one of the most

beautiful of another, but friendly, tribe. Rain-in-the-Face returned the love and accepted the object of his affection for his bride. The marriage was an event of great importance among the Indians, and many were the gifts bestowed upon the envied pair. With his fame as a warrior and his loving bride, the daring chief seemed to have reaped the full reward of an active and (in the Indian mind) a noble career.

Life was filled with happiness for Rain-in-the-Face. The sun never kissed a happier pair. With the cares and burdens of society, with no exacting rules of etiquette, with only the whispering wind for music and the starry heaven for a roof, the Indian bride and groom could drink the full and lavish sweetness of their love.

But wherever found, whether in the palace of the king or the wigwam of the savage, love is inconstant. After a period of true devotion to his wife, a sudden change came over Rain-in-the-Face. He learned that the maiden whom he had taken unto himself was not the object upon which his love could centre. He still regarded her with kindness, but his affections were transferred to another—not to another maiden, but to the chubby boy who had come to crown his life with pride and glory.

The babe was yet a bit of tawny, expressionless flesh, when he saw in his mind's eye pictures of greatness for the infant warrior. From this time Rain-in-the-Face was changed. His thoughts returned to the chase and the war-path. He aimed to lead such a life that the boy, emulating his example, might grow up the leader of his race. What rosy pictures he painted for his son! Often at the evening camp-fire, when recounting his battles and victories, would he speak with pride of Koska (the name given the boy, and meaning "youth"), for whom he predicted a brilliant and glorious career. With true Indian superstition, he had watched the signs, and with the inevitable deductions of a father, he knew that they all meant greatness and renown for Koska.

So ran the proud days for Rain-in-the-Face until civilization began its work of contracting the Indian field. In every field it enters, civilization is an iconoclast, but nowhere is its destruction of idols and hopes so relentless and so complete as among the Indians. When the Sioux nation was placed upon the immense reservation west of the Missouri River, the tribes were separated. It so happened that the tribe to which Rain-in-the-Face belonged was stationed at Standing Rock, while his wife's tribe was sent to the lower Agency. Above all things that an Indian resents, it is removal from his tribe. The tribe of Rain-in-the-Face being located at Standing Rock, he insisted on remaining, while the young wife and mother pined for the company of those with whom she had been reared. She had realized that Rain-in-the-Face had little love for her. He was even jealous of the affection which she received from her pretty boy, who had now grown to the toddling age.

Having remained at Standing Rock until patience was exhausted, the wife departed for her tribe, three hundred miles distant, taking the boy with her. She left while Rain-in-the-Face was absent on a hunt. When the chief returned he could learn nothing of the whereabouts of his boy—he made few inquiries concerning the wife, for her desire to return to her tribe rather than remain with him had extinguished the last spark of his love for her, although he still regarded her jealously for the sake of his child. It was a month before he learned the truth. Day and night had he searched. He had scoured the reservation, but no Koska did he find, and at last he learned that the boy had been taken to the lower Agency. He knew of the boy's attachment for the mother, and was aware that she would be defended in her claim to the son by every Indian in her tribe, where she was now safely fortified. To add to his sorrow, his influence among his Indians had been broken by the Agent, who found this the only way to make him submissive.

For months he studied, planned and dreamed devices for the return of little Koska. The proud head drooped. Rain-in-the-Face was not himself. The hunt no longer had charms, nor did he join in the shouts and dances. His boy! He wanted his Koska. Wherever he went, whatever he did, his mind was on the boy. How humble and how meek was Rain-in-the-Face now! In former years he spoke to the whites with condescension and disdain. Now he sought them for advice and consolation. While upon the war-path against the whites he was desperate in glee, but now he was desperate in sorrow. Then he would plan a battle with the very audacity of a Napoleon; but now he planned—with what intensity of despair did he plan for the return of his departed happiness.

He sought the advice of the few whites at the Agency whom he counted as his friends. Knowing the treachery of his own people, he would not trust them. He trusted them when a mere battle was at stake, but in the silent fight for that which had grown about his heart so closely he appealed for the aid of the whites. In this there was a double purpose. He would sooner trust the whites, and then he felt that, with them as his advisers, he would not be haunted by the fear of their unknown laws.

In conversation with one of his white friends, he imparted the secret of his plans. He had decided to go to the lower Agency, and, arriving in the night, steal the boy before the camp could be aroused. He wanted the assistance of his white friends. How he quivered, and how his eye followed every motion of his friend, while he spoke. He felt that the man was his friend, but he was not positive; and he trembled lest his confidence would be betrayed. But he proceeded. He wanted his friend to inform another trusted friend at the lower Agency, who would give him information regarding the location and surroundings of the spot where his wife and boy were camped. Having laid bare his plans, he awaited a reply. The friend was nonplussed at first, but having a high

regard for Rain-in-the-Face, and knowing how deeply he was aggrieved, consented.

Rain-in-the-Face sprang to his feet in exultation. At last a ray of light pierced the gloom which had enshrouded his life for months. Like a child who halts between sob and laughter, he paused and gazed at the man who had given him the first kind word—the first hope—that had cheered him since the day he lost his boy. When he stepped from the threshold of his good friend's home to depart for his camp, that evening, a strange gleam of savage joy radiated from his fierce, dark eyes. His step was lighter than when he came. Crooning a little Indian lullaby as he mounted his famous spotted pony, he was a picture to tempt an artist. Far different was the homeward ride from the sad, uncertain journey to the Agency. He came with fear, he returned with hope.

Slumber was a stranger to Rain-in-the-Face that night, for he was planning his journey to the lower Agency. Six weeks had scarcely passed when he was ready to start. He had been informed as to the locality of the tent in which his servant wife and Koska slept. He knew the direction from which to enter in order to avoid arousing the camp. The morning for his departure having arrived, Rain-in-the-Face rode into Standing Rock, and with words of gratitude thanked the man who had assisted him in perfecting his plans. His breast swelled with emotion, and his words were soft and low as he grasped his friend's hand and bid him adieu.

At the crack of his rawhide the pony dashed away to the southward, and he disappeared beyond the hills. He had a long journey ahead of him, but he did not spare the pony. He knew the metal of the nervy animal, and the pony, as if aware that he was going to his dimpled master, needed no spurs.

The long journey to the lower Agency was made in good time, Rain-in-the-Face halting twenty miles from camp, that he might travel the remaining distance in the dark.

As soon as the shadows gathered he saddled his pony and started cautiously for the camp. He peered nervously here and there, to guard against meeting one who might betray him. Every object loomed up before him like an approaching enemy; every shrub that trembled in the darkness seemed like a watching spy, yet Rain-in-the-Face pressed on. Like a famished lion nearing prey, he kept his course towards the camp where Koska slept. He had been blessed by dense clouds, that hid the moon until he reached the outskirts of the camp, and then, as if bursting forth to betray him, the moon appeared in a clear and cloudless sky. Rain-in-the-Face dismounted hurriedly, and hitching his pony, he crouched behind a friendly bush to make a hurried survey of the camp. He saw the tent which had been described to him as that of his wife and child, and noticed that it was somewhat isolated. This was good. The fates were with him. He could hardly refrain from giving a shout of joy as he gazed at the tent where Koska slumbered. He saw in imagination the interior of the tent, and feasted his eyes on the little slumberer without whom the world to him was chaos and life was death.

There was no one about. Even the watchful dogs were asleep, and the only sounds were those of the browsing beasts or of the rustling trees through which the balmy June breeze played. Rain-in-the-Face crept slowly to the tent. Pausings outside and placing his ear near the opening in the canvas, he heard the low breathing of the sleepers. He could wait no longer, and after peering about the camp to see if he had been discovered, he pulled back the loose blanket which served as a door, and drew forth his knife. He was armed, for he knew not what he might encounter in his desperate work, and he had sworn that no power should cheat him of success. He placed one foot within the tent, and again glanced back to make sure that all was unconscious of his presence. In another moment he was looking on the face of her whom he had once loved, but his gaze rested not there. It was a momentary glance, but he recognized the face in the moonlight which streamed through the openings in the tent. He was stooping for Koska, when he discovered that the object which he mistook for the huddling boy was simply a bundle of clothes. He made a careful survey of the interior of the tent, but no Koska was there. Again had he met with sore and terrible disappointment. Had the little one rolled out of his tent in his sleep? He would see. Hastening out, he crept about the tent only to intensify his disappointment. He could not understand the absence of Koska, unless the boy had been left with playmates at another tent. For a moment he suspected that he had been betrayed, but the success with which he reached the tent dispelled this suspicion, and he accepted the theory that the boy's absence was accidental. Still confident that he would succeed in stealing Koska, he was happy, though disappointed. As he was about to leave the tent he heard a faint, startled cry, and in an instant the wife, who had been aroused by his prowlings, appeared at the door of the tent. The crisis had arrived. Rain-in-the-Face was discovered. Raising his knife and springing forward, he whispered a threat that if she awoke the camp she would pay the penalty. She knew him, and was silent. A few hurried words passed between the couple, and Rain-in-the-Face demanded the restoration of his boy. The wife answered in lower tones than those in which she was wont to speak, and as she did so the knife dropped from the hand of the desperate chief, his head was bowed, and with a wave of the hand he left the tent and returned to his pony. Remounting him, he drove silently to the point indicated by his wife, paused beneath a tree, and there in the limpid moonlight, kissed by the saddened winds, was Koska. He had died on the day previous, and in accordance with the Indian custom, his remains, with all his worldly effects, were placed in the limbs of the tree.

Rain-in-the-Face sat motionless, gazing into the

tree. There was the bow and arrow which he had made for his boy even before the babe could walk; there was the little buckskin coat, the first that Koska wore, and there the top that Rain-in-the-Face had taught the happy child to spin. There, too, was a small bronze face, pinched and sunken in death, but the laughing eyes were closed, the cooing voice was stilled—Koska was not there. The weary, grief-worn mother had told Rain-in-the-Face that Koska was in the tree, but the crushed and sorrowing chief now knew that this was false.

"If Koska is in the tree, why does he not answer me?" thought Rain-in-the-Face. "My Koska was a loving boy. His pretty face was round and dimpled, and wherever I found him his chubby arms were quick about my neck." Thus mused the broken chief. He saw in the tree the human frame with which his Koska used to walk and run; he saw the toys with which he made the moments merry—but he saw no Koska. His boy would not refuse to greet him. He was not in the tree, but had gone to the happy hunting-grounds where sorrow is unknown, where he could become far greater than on earth, and where, when once they meet, there will be no separation. So thought Rain-in-the-Face.

It is not considered manly amongst Indians to weep. It has become proverbial that Indian men never shed tears. Tears are womanish, and are left to the squaws, but when Rain-in-the-Face returned to Standing Rock he did not speak. He shunned his good, kind friend for many days, and at last, when he did meet him and told him of the death of Koska, he turned his back and walked away—for he wished not to be called a woman.

J. M. QUINS.

THE LADIES' LITERARY CLUB, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

THE comely structure, of which an engraving is given on page 333, is the home of an organization which, if not unique in its constitution and aims, is certainly conspicuous for the brilliant results which it has achieved, in a success at once social, intellectual and material. This organization is the Ladies' Literary Club of Grand Rapids, Mich. It grew out of a "history class," started during the Winter of 1869-'70, by half a dozen ladies of literary tastes, under the leadership of Mrs. L. H. Stone, of Kalamazoo. The club was regularly organized in April, 1872, with over one hundred members; and in 1882 it was incorporated for "literary and scientific purposes."

As the club flourished and grew, the question of a convenient and commodious meeting-place became imperative. In December, 1886, the organization having a membership of 300, an income of \$600 a year, \$1,500 in the treasury, and an unlimited fund of enthusiasm, it was decided to erect a new building in a good location, that should be a suitable head-quarters for the club, now and in the future. The lot was purchased for \$3,500, the terms being \$500 down, with five years' time in which to pay the remainder. A soliciting committee then went to work with a will, and raised \$6,000 for the building, the corner-stone of which was laid with appropriate ceremonies, July 30th, 1887. The house was dedicated, December 31st of the same year.

The Ladies' Literary Club Building is plain of exterior, the materials being white brick and Ohio blue-stone. The main entrance opens into a reception-hall. At the right of the hall is an oaken stair-way leading to the banqueting-room. Back of the stair-way is a toilet-room. At the left of the hall, and connected with it by large sliding-doors, is the library, a delightful room, oak-trimmed, well lighted, and lined with book-cases. An oak mantel bears the legend: "Books—round these our pastimes and our happiness will grow." The library is connected by three sliding-doors with the auditorium, which is also entered from the hall. The assembly-room, or auditorium, has a seating capacity of 400. At the end of the room is the stage, flanked with cozy dressing-rooms. A large oak mantel, elegantly carved, occupies one corner of the auditorium. The wood-work is Norway pine. The ceiling is frescoed in delicate pinks and blues. The rooms contain many objects of utility and ornament, the gifts of friends. The grounds, building and furnishing, exclusive of the library, are valued at \$16,000.

The club at present has a membership of 430, and it meets every Saturday afternoon. There are committees on History, Art and Literature, Science and Education, and Entertainment, respectively, each of which furnishes an appropriate programme for one afternoon in the month. On "Entertainment Afternoon" the programme consists of plays, tableaux, music, recitations, etc. Every fifth Saturday in any month is President's Day, and she provides a programme at her discretion.

The club confines its work strictly to the purposes of its organization, i.e., study and improvement. The range of subjects for inquiry is unlimited. The club has no connection with any other body or movement, and is non-sectarian and non-political.

Among the club's art-treasures is a fine portrait, in oil, of Mrs. Frank Leslie, painted by Mrs. E. M. Coppens, an artist of high repute in the West, and presented by her to the organization. On the occasion of the presentation of this portrait, last October, the programme included a sketch of Mrs. Leslie, and the reading of her essay upon "The Woman of the Future"; while a club critic paid a charming compliment to both the artist and the subject of the portrait, in the following words, as reported in the Grand Rapids *Daily Eagle*: "I doubt whether the portrait of Mrs. Leslie, just executed by Matthew Morgan, is better than this work of Mrs. Coppens. As a work of art, it possesses decided merit; as a picture showing a beautiful woman, it commands admiration; as the picture of the most famous and successful woman journalist of all times, it especially commends itself to the four hundred and odd women of our club."

THE CONDITION OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

THE Panama Canal Company is bankrupt. De Lesseps and his colleagues have resigned from the concern, and the French Chamber of Deputies has rejected the proposed measure which would have permitted postponement, for three months, of the payment of the quarter's interest due on the company's bonds. The fate of the great canal hangs in the balance, though it is not

probable that the Government will permit the abandonment of an enterprise in which not only vast sums of money have been invested, but in which the national pride is involved—making it a political factor of prime importance.

The Panama Canal has already cost double the amount that was required for the completion of the Suez Canal. The liabilities incurred by the Panam. Company since its organization, ten years ago, amount, it is stated, to \$418,950,900: but as it has been compelled to put out its securities at a discount almost from the beginning, the amount of cash actually realized for this indebtedness has been only \$216,271,740. In other words, it cost the canal company \$202,000,000 in commissions, discounts and like charges to acquire a working capital of \$216,000,000.

The only important available asset of the company to-day is the Panama Railroad, the shares of which, worth at par \$10,000,000 and selling at but a little above par before the company sought them, were unloaded by American share-holders on the sanguine Frenchmen at 170, or \$17,000,000. The company has fourteen miles of hole through solid rock, and a ditch that will fill unless constantly dredged. Considering the amount of money that has been spent, the actual progress of the work at the Isthmus has not been particularly encouraging. A large force of men has been employed on the canal ever since operations began. They have had expensive machinery and other appliances for facilitation of labor. They have excavated about 35,000,000 cubic meters of earth out of at least 150,000,000 which would need to be excavated before the canal can be completed. Engineers have estimated that the expenditure of at least \$230,000,000 more would be needed to finish the canal. Some time ago De Lesseps recognized the futility of attempting to build a sea-level canal, and the plans were changed to provide locks at each end. The problems of flood and of summit supplies of water for locks have not been touched upon. Every one at all familiar with the Chagres River and the vagaries to which it is addicted in the rainy season knows that the problem of caring for those floods of water, to prevent the deluge and destruction of the canal, is one of the most serious in Isthmus engineering. We give a view of the great cut through the Culebra Hills, probably the most stupendous part of the whole canal-works, and giving a good idea of the present stage of the operations on the Isthmus. In the early part of the present year, thirty excavating-machines, sixty locomotives, two thousand railroad-cars and four thousand men were employed at this point.

Fears are entertained that the difficulties of the Panama Canal Company may give rise to disorders on the Isthmus, and the French Government has decided to send a man-of-war to Colon to protect French interests. An American vessel is usually stationed in that neighborhood during the Winter, and it is probable that a cruiser will be ordered thither shortly by the Navy Department.

AT THE THRESHOLD OF STATEHOOD.

THESE are four or five healthy and blooming would-be States waiting for admission at the door of the Union; and several more youngsters are coming on. The artist fancifully shows us, as New Year's callers upon Uncle Sam, full-grown Dakota, together with Washington, Montana, New Mexico and Utah, with their varied and contrasted individualities, but all irresistible, whose cordial welcome we are glad to see Uncle Sam gallantly assures. We may expect to see Idaho and Wyoming following suit in good time; for in the circle of the States, as in the omnibus, there is "always room for one more."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE LATE PRESIDENT HERTENSTEIN OF SWITZERLAND.

WILLIAM FREDERICK HERTENSTEIN, President of the Swiss Confederation, whose portrait we give, died at Berne on the 27th ult., aged sixty-three years. He was a native of the Canton of Zurich, where he has been a member of the Federal Council and chief of the Military Department. His election to the Presidency took place a year ago, and he entered upon the functions of his office on the 1st of January, 1888. President Hertenstein was a patriotic and progressive Switzer, and accomplished some valuable reforms, particularly in the administration of the national militia.

THE TOMB AND STATUE OF BAUDIN.

An interesting picture, from a recent photograph, shows the tomb and recumbent statue of Charles Baudin, in the Montmartre Cemetery, Paris, where the recent Republican manifestation of December 2d centred. That date was the thirty-seventh anniversary of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, which cost the heroic deputy his life. The statue is fine work, by Aimé Millet. The face is a striking one, though the eyes are already closed in death. Dr. Baudin furnished the sculptor with a portrait. According to the testimony of M. Schoelcher and M. Montjau, Baudin, saying he would show how a deputy dies for 25 francs a day, bared his breast and jumped upon a barricade. The shirt in the statue is torn open to show the chest. A coat lies on the ground and hides one of the feet. The inscription on the pedestal is as follows: "Alphonse Baudin, representative of people, who died defending the law on the 3d December, 1851. Erected by his fellow-citizens in 1872."

THE INDIAN PENINSULAR RAILWAY BUILDINGS, BOMBAY.

Bombay can now boast of the largest modern architectural work yet erected in India, and the new Victoria Terminal Buildings are believed to be the most extensive in the world. The execution of this work has occupied ten years. The total length of the principal, or west, facade of the building is over 1,500 feet. The cost of the building was about twenty-seven lacs of rupees. The author of the design is Mr. F. W. Stevens, F. R. I. B. A., A. M. I. C. E., late of the Public Works Department, who also supervised the erection of the buildings from the commencement to the end. The site on which the buildings are erected is one of the finest in the city, and faces that on which it has recently been decided to erect the new Municipal Buildings, of which Mr. Stevens is also the architect. The style of architecture adopted is a free treatment of Venetian Gothic with an Oriental feeling, which has been proved to be the best adapted for the climate of Bombay.

THE SWORD OF WALLACE.

That relic of Scottish chivalry, the Wallace Sword, has been removed from Dunbarton Castle, where it had been deposited for many centuries, to the National Wallace Monument on the Abbey

Craig, Stirling. The ceremonial proceedings, on November 19th, were consummated by the handing over of the historic weapon to the custodian of the monument. Shortly before noon, Colonel Nightingale, as representing the Commander of the Forces in North Britain, gave the sword into the custody of the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Edinburgh, in the mess-room of Stirling Castle. An interesting address, recounting the history of the sword, was delivered by Dr. Rogers. He mentioned that, owing to fractures which have twice been welded, the weapon has been reduced from its original length.

CLIMBING A PALM-TREE, CEYLON.

Our illustration is from a photograph, and represents the Singhalese method of climbing a cocoa-palm tree to obtain the fruit. As there are no branches, the native has to go up hand over hand, while making much use of his feet, which are bare, and, from habit, can grip like those of a monkey. The coconut-palm is one of the chief and most valuable trees of Ceylon, and it is stated that there are twenty millions of them in the island.

CHARLES F. MAYER,

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

ON Wednesday, December 19th, the Garrett management announced the retirement of Samuel Spencer from the Presidency of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the appointment of Charles F. Mayer to that position, at a salary of \$25,000 a year. The change is interpreted in some quarters as the inauguration of a new, aggressive policy, and the immediate completion of the line to the terminals on Staten Island. Mr. Mayer, the new President, was born in Pennsylvania while his father and mother were temporarily living in that State, and is about fifty-six years of age. He is a son of Lewis Mayer, who was one of the first men to develop the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania, and was a distinguished Maryland lawyer. The father of Lewis Mayer was Christian Mayer, one of the leading merchants of Baltimore seventy-five years ago, and who represented the Kingdom of Wurtemburg there as Consul-general. When quite a young man, the present Charles F. Mayer became a clerk in the office of his uncle, Frederick Koenig, who was one of the largest merchants of his time in Baltimore. He was afterwards supercargo for some years on vessels trading to South America in his uncle's business. But he returned

FACTS OF INTEREST.

DEBATE on the Senate Bill will close on January 21st. It is expected that the Bill will pass.

THE sum of \$8,000,000 has been collected for the new Catholic University at Washington.

A KEY WEST fisherman has captured a turtle weighing 1,600 pounds, the largest ever seen. The old fellow was broad enough on the back for six men to stand on him, and he could have floated off with a ton of coal.

A COMPANY has just been incorporated in San Francisco for the manufacture of champagne under a new German patent, by which, it is claimed, fermentation is accelerated. Instead of waiting two years for slow fermentation, fine champagne can be made by this process in three or four weeks.

WOMAN's sphere seems to be constantly enlarging. At Manistee, Mich., the hoop factory employs women to feed the planers and do other light work of that nature, and finds that they do the work well; and at the dairy salt factories all the sacking and such work is done by girls who work by the piece, earn about \$1 to \$1.25 a day, and seem to like the employment.

THE Castle of Chillon, on the Lake of Geneva, so well known from Byron's poem, now contains a captive for the first time for forty years. The castle is the state-prison of Canton Vaud, but has not been used of late. Now, however, a feminine "captain" of the Salvation Army, Miss Stirling, condemned for proselytizing young people under age, is undergoing a term of one hundred days in this picturesque but very damp prison, and has plenty of time to reflect on the experiences of her famous predecessor, Bonivard.

THE Beef-eaters are to disappear from the Tower of London, according to present indications. The economies in the royal household are really being extended to quite extravagant lengths when orders have been given that not even the vacancies among the Yeomen of the Guard (Beef-eaters) are to be filled up. There are now four vacancies, and this ancient and picturesque corps decidedly ought not to be abolished. The Yeomen are all old non-commissioned officers, pensioned and decorated, who have served the country long and well. They receive £50 a year each, and it is really a sort of special good-service pension. One cannot suppose that the Queen will do away with such a body, and it is a step against which the Prince of Wales might very justifiably protest.

AT a recent auction sale in London the great Hindoo Lingam god was knocked down to a jeweler for \$13,000. This curious relic stood 2½ inches in height. It was preserved for more than a thousand years in an ancient temple at Delhi. The base is of solid gold, and around it are set nine gems or charms, a diamond, ruby, sapphire, chrysoberyl cat's-eye, coral, pearl, hyacinthine garnet, yellow sapphire and emerald. Round the apex of this gold pyramid is a plinth set with diamonds. On the apex is a topaz 10-16 inches in length and 9-16 of an inch in depth, shaped like a horse-shoe; in the centre of the horse-shoe the great chrysoberyl cat's-eye stands upright. When Bad Shah Bahador Shah, the last King of Delhi, was captured and exiled to the Andaman Isles, his queen secreted this gem, and it was never seen again until, being distressed during the mutiny, she sold it to the present owner.

AN amusing incident occurred at the home of General Harrison, one day last week, during a visit of General Lew Wallace and others. During their conversation little Benjamin Harrison McKee, the grandson of the President-elect, toddled into the parlor with a tack. Fearing that the little fellow might hurt himself, General Harrison took the tack away from him. The grandson protested, but his grandfather refused to give up the tack. While the little dispute over the possession was becoming more and more positive, General Wallace remarked aside, "Now we shall see who will have the most influence with the Administration." Little Ben wouldn't yield, and big Ben finally declared himself. Then came the crisis in the contest. Little Ben began crying, and he gave an exhibition of vocal power which furnished very strong proof of oratorial possibilities. The conversation with the callers was stopped, but little Ben didn't stop until the tack was surrendered, and then he deliberately proceeded to signalize his victory by driving the tack into the carpet, dangerously close to his illustrious grandfather's foot, without interference or protest. "We know now," remarked General Wallace to the President-elect, "who will have most influence with the Administration."

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

DECEMBER 15TH—In New York, George H. Keith, the well-known medicine manufacturer, aged 48 years; in Holyoke, Mass., Mrs. Timothy Merrick ("Professor Braislin"), of Vassar College, aged 50 years. December 16th—At Fort Supply, Ind. T., Colonel Robert S. LaMotte, U. S. A.; in New York, Charles J. G. Rechenberg, glass-dealer, aged 39 years; in Lebanon, O., Dr. James Scott, author of the Scott Liquor Law, aged 73 years. December 17th—In Rochester, N. Y., Judge John S. Morgan; in Canandaigua, N. Y., Henry W. Taylor, who was the oldest living graduate of Yale College, aged 93 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., John S. Mackay, an old citizen, aged 77 years; in Boston, Mass., Nathaniel J. Bradley, architect, aged 59 years; in Baltimore, Md., James C. Morford, last of the "Old Defenders," aged 93 years. December 18th—In Brooklyn, N. Y., General Charles G. Dahlgren, aged 79 years; in New York, George A. Leavitt, the book and *bric-a-brac* auctioneer, aged 68 years; in Baltimore, Md., Charles F. Mayer, Jr., a prominent civil engineer, aged 58 years; in New York, Abraham Limburger, of the Stock Exchange, aged 60 years. December 19th—In New York, Edward O. Perrin, Clerk of the Court of Appeals of New York State, aged 68 years; in Winchendon, Mass., Dr. Ira Russell, aged 74 years; in Middletown, N. Y., John E. Wood, proprietor of the Knickerbocker Stock Farm, aged 62 years; in Cincinnati, O., the Rev. Isaac Erett, of the Christian Church; in Dutchess County, N. Y., Dr. C. N. Campbell, one of the oldest physicians in the State. December 20th—In Buffalo, N. Y., James Newson Matthews, editor and proprietor of the *Express*, aged 60 years; in New York, Colonel George T. M. Davis, aged 78 years; in Jacksonville, Fla., Colonel J. Hanson Thomas, Treasurer of the Florida Railway and Navigation Company; in Boston, Mass., Samuel Edmund Sewall, aged 89 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., Dr. Casper Wister, aged 71 years; in Washington, D. C., Major Joseph Beusen, U. S. A. (retired).

ANOTHER effort is being made to lessen the smoke nuisance in Chicago, which, instead of decreasing under the present regulations, seems to be getting worse. Half the time the city is enveloped in a dense fog. It is now proposed to hold the engineers directly responsible, and an ordinance to that effect will be presented to the Council.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. GLADSTONE will spend the Parliamentary recess in Italy.

THE Pope gave an audience, last week, to Mr. Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*.

DOM PEDRO, Emperor of Brazil, has been enjoying very good health since he returned from Europe.

MAYER HEWITT of New York has declined a complimentary dinner tendered him by 400 prominent citizens.

THE Princess of Wales was forty-four years old on the 1st of December, but she does not look a day over thirty.

GUSTAVE DORÉ left some 200 illustrations to Shakespeare, which will shortly be reproduced in *de luxe* form by a London house.

AT ninety-two years of age, ex-Governor Berry of New Hampshire is in vigorous health, and goes out walking or driving almost every day.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND wrote to Judge Joseph L. Fairchild, of Buffalo: "I am now eagerly counting the days until March 4th, when I shall be free."

THE assessed value of the estate of the late A. S. Bell, proprietor of the *Baltimore Sun*, is \$5,067,765.13, not including the good-will of the Sun newspaper.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has nominated Leon O. Bailey to succeed E. B. Sellers as United States District Attorney for Indiana. The appointment is not regarded with satisfaction by the Republicans, and the Senate may refuse to confirm.

PROFESSOR JACQUES BOUHY, late director of the National Academy of Music, has resigned his position as director of the Conservatory, owing to differences with Mrs. Thurber in regard to details of management. He will sail for France on December 29th.

HESTER ANN CHASE-BEDOUT, of Annapolis, who died recently, bequeathed her magnificent ancestral home (which was built in 1770, by Judge Chase, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence) to establish a home for destitute, aged and infirm women.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE recently delivered an eloquent address in Naples on the anti-slavery question. He maintained that the only war worthy of European Powers was a war against traffic in slaves. The address made a deep impression upon the audience, which was very large.

A COMMITTEE representing the Grand Army of the Republic of Brooklyn, last week, invited General Harrison to attend the Decoration Day services in that city. He did not give them much encouragement that he would be able to be present, but left the matter open for future consideration.

ANN O'DELIA DISS DEBAR, EDITHA LOLETA, Queen of the Spiritualists, and General Diss Debar, were released from prison last week. Ann O'Delia is fatter by twenty pounds or so than when she went to the Island. If she goes on a lecturing tour, Mr. Marsh's nephew, young Douglass, may be her agent.

THE granddaughter of Abraham Lincoln, the daughter of his son Robert, will make her entrance into "society" this Winter. Miss Lincoln is a little above the medium height, and has a well-rounded figure and bright, girlish face, in which there is no trace of the rugged features of her great ancestor.

THE wives of Joseph Chamberlain's political friends and enemies have forgotten their husbands' grievances in their desire to give the Radical leader and his American bride a great reception on January 8th. Quite all of them have subscribed to the fund for the magnificent bracelet which is to be presented to Mrs. Chamberlain at that time.

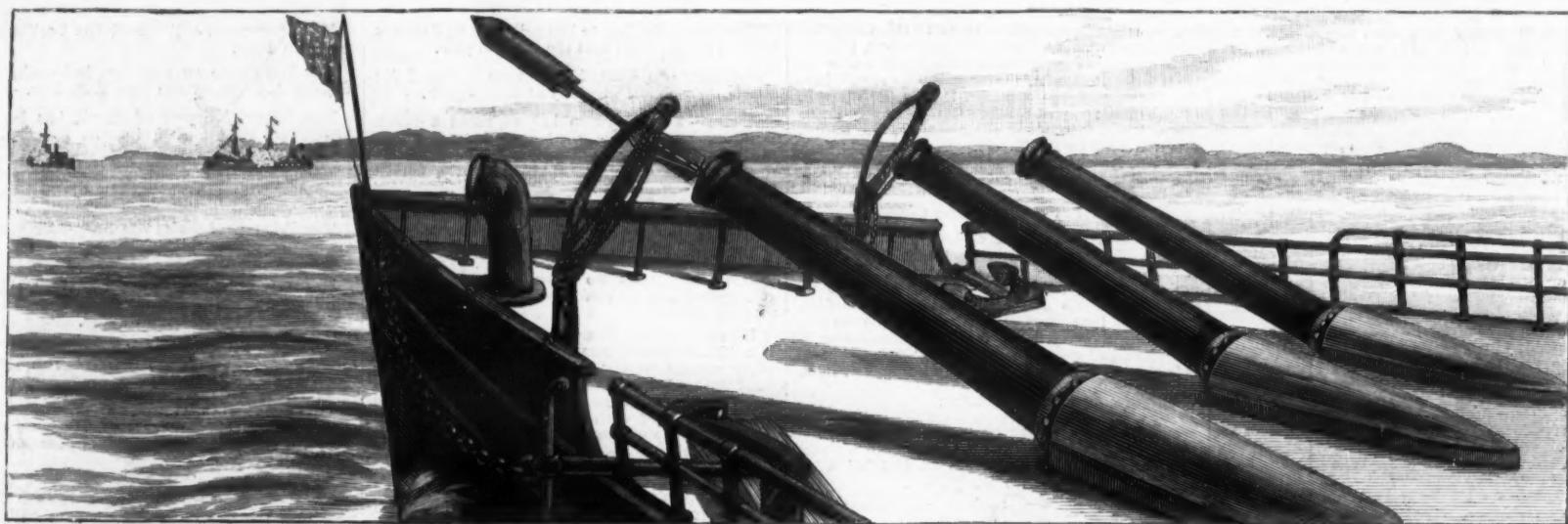
EX-SENATOR THURMAN's life in Columbus at this time is very much as Tilden's was at Gramercy Park in his last years. He spends most of his time at his residence. He remains up reading until about three o'clock in the morning, breakfasts at ten, plays with his grandchildren, and then returns to his library. Occasionally he goes up the street, calls at the office of his son and drops in on a few old friends.

JOSEPH L. WOODBURY, a young man employed in the Minneapolis Post-office, astonished the officials of the office last week by handing in his resignation and informing them that he intended to be an Indian chief from that time forth. It appears that Woodbury was in reality the son of the late Chippewa chief Hole-in-the-Way. He is twenty-one years of age, and has gone to succeed his father at the Chippewa reservation.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the venerable poet, celebrated his eighty-first birthday on the 17th inst., at his Winter home at Oak Knoll, Mass. He received many friends and neighbors, and other callers, and his mail was greatly augmented by congratulatory letters. He also received a number of telegrams from prominent citizens. Mr. Whittier is in fairly good health, but rarely goes out. In a chat with a newspaper correspondent, he expressed gratification at the election of General Harrison as President.

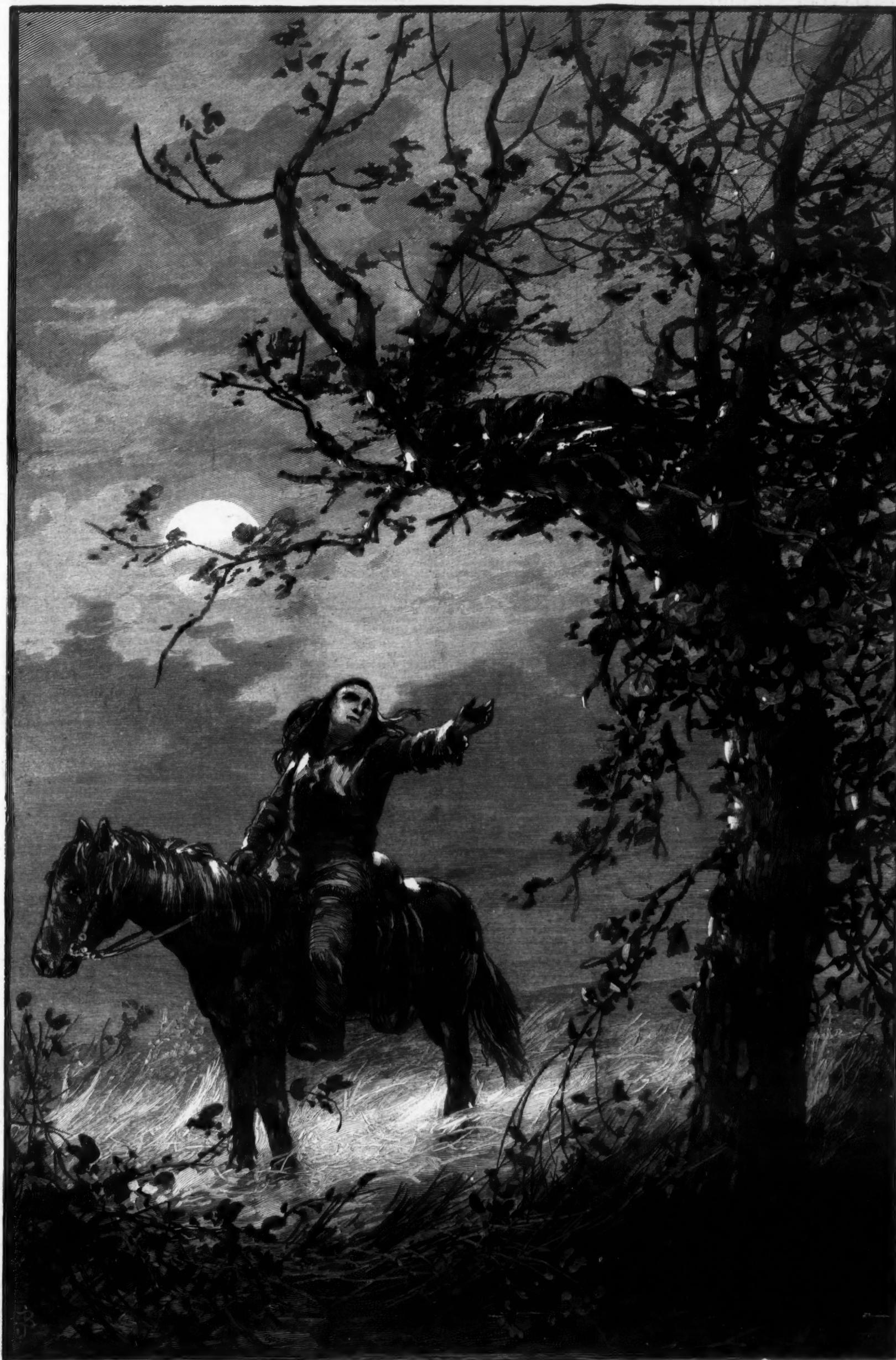
THE Philadelphia *Press* says: "It is now quite decided that upon the expiration of his term the President and Mrs. Cleveland will reside at Orange, N. J., and Mr. Cleveland will have an important business occupation in New York. The President has been offered the management of several important financial institutions in New York city, and it is understood that he has quite decided to accept one of the offers. He has also been tendered some law-partnerships in New York, but it is said that he has determined not to return to the practice of law pure and simple."

MR. GEO. W. SMALLEY cables to the New York *Tribune* that the English people are dissatisfied with Lord Salisbury's manifest intention not to appoint a successor to Lord Sackville at Washington. "It is, therefore, now suggested that Mr. Edwardes shall return as *Charge d'Affaires*. But for the Sackville incident Mr. Edwardes, who was in London on a leave of absence, would already have returned. It is felt that to prevent his return is an affront possibly graver than the failure to send a successor to Lord Sackville. The latter is but an act of omission, but Mr. Edwardes can only remain here by order of his superior, which is an act of commission. Many reasons might be given for not immediately appointing a new Minister: the only possible reason for keeping Mr. Edwardes away from his post is a desire to resent Lord Sackville's dismissal."



THE DECK, SHOWING THE GUNS IN POSITION AND THE ACT OF FIRING.

THE DYNAMITE CRUISER "VESUVIUS."—THE EFFECT OF A DYNAMITE PROJECTILE ON A MODERN IRON-CLAD.
SEE PAGE 339.



IS THE INDIAN CAPABLE OF AFFECTION?—THE SIOUX CHIEF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE MOURNING HIS DEAD CHILD.
FROM A PHOTO. BY BARRY.—SEE PAGE 334.

For Dayber's Echo:

THE ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.

BY CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XL.—THE OTHER HEIR.

My dear reader, have you any curiosity to see Mr. Lionel Dayber, the gentleman who succeeded to so generous a fortune when Nathan Dayber inherited Dayber's Echo? Are you anxious to know something of his life? his pursuits? his pleasures? his labors? his successes? I cheerfully confess to much of curiosity and anxiety myself. Let us go and make him a visit. I think we shall find it less terrible than to follow the fortunes of Dayber's Echo along the roads where Peter Pillah and Arnold Anson walk, or down the paths where Nathan Dayber stumbles and falls in the darkness.

Every man has some pet ambition; some secret desire. He may be chained down by circumstance, bound to another line of life by the conditions of his environment. He may live a greatly different life from the one he fancies, and longs for, and towards which he continually stretches out his eager but unavailing hands; the bright dreams of a youth in which all things seem possible may fade into the sober gray tints of a middle manhood which has learned the truth of the weakness of man's greatest might, and fade—fade—fade into the dusk of an old age which sits shivering over the ashes of burnt-out aspirations and hopes whose flames flickered their feeble last long years ago; it may fade—fade—fade—fade into the utter blackness which shuts down upon the eye which knows light no longer. But—no matter. Men carry their unsatisfied ambitions with them down to the Gates of Death! It is the most pathetic truth life has.

What was Lionel Dayber's ambition? A very simple one. One that few, probably, with money at command, and with a place ready for them in the world of society because of that money, would have held to and gratified. But Lionel Dayber had a fashion—a very Dayber-like fashion, by the way—of doing exactly as he had planned doing. He had dreamed of the broad and fertile plains of the great South-west, and of the huge herds of cattle which fed upon them, for many and many a year. Money's lack had been the one thing which had kept him from the ownership of land and stock, and from the control of the many men needed in such service. And so, when the Dayber legacy came to bless him, he made no delay nor pause until he had bought himself a most enviable place—most enviable, I mean, for one who likes that sort of thing—as a great South-western cattle king.

He had made most of his purchases, and many of his arrangements, and was rapidly securing the men he needed in his work—most of them men of experience in that sort of labor—when Nathan Dayber made his memorable visit to the great detective agency in New York city. Looked at in one way, it speaks volumes in favor of the intelligence, the energy and the far-reaching power of the great firm of detectives that they did for Nathan Dayber directly, and for Lionel indirectly, all that they did. But, from another, and a not unnatural point of view, what they did was very simple and easy. I shall leave each one of my readers to settle that matter for himself. Suffice it to say that the person whose business it was to watch over the fortunes and fate of Lionel, and from whom reports as to his mental condition, supposed or actual, were to go to Nathan Dayber, from time to time, by way of the agency in New York, arrived in due time. When one remembers the sort of life that Lionel and his employés were to lead—the long rides that would be taken—the hardships and exposures that he and his men must sometimes endure together—the nights when the silence and the stars would prompt them to mutual confidences and deeper and closer friendships—the bonds that would insensibly grow up between them as they sat around the fire, silently smoking, while night aged and died and a new day was born in the east—when one remembers the sturdy courage and unbending devotion to friendship's needs which are characteristics of the roughest and rudest of the men who do such work as Lionel Dayber's men had to do with those huge herds—and when one keeps in mind the fact that a man with a strong will, and a good reason for doing so, will be the one whose relations with another will be closest and most intimate—it will not be difficult to believe that the detective must have found it easy to faithfully earn the money Nathan Dayber paid.

In the weeks and the months of the glorious summer-time, Lionel Dayber, in his new South-western home, grew to love the life and the labor—grew to love it more than he had ever thought possible, which was certainly saying much. And he grew to understand and appreciate many of the men his work brought about him; he learned to have a strong and earnest affection for some of them; but no other one of them came so near to him as did a rough and grizzled fellow, always grim, and usually silent, who was known to all the others as Jim—when they spoke in his presence, and as Grim Jim when he was out of hearing.

It must not be supposed that Grim Jim was any less grim when alone with Lionel Dayber than when there were others present. Grimness seemed a natural thing in his case, not something which could be taken off or put on at one's pleasure—like a convenient garment. Grim once, grim always, unless something should chance to happen, sometime, to break up, and dissipate the icy fetters of his frozen soul—as Spring unlocks the torrents of the wild woods and breezy hills. Grim—grim

indeed, for this was a land of genuineness, a land where men pretended to little more than they really were, and were not very obtrusive regarding that—a land where many a man's name had become a fragment, and his past life no more than that—a land where no one but a detective would have pretended to be other than he was, and where even a member of that peculiar fraternity might have deemed pretense unnecessary—or unsafe!

When there were rides to be taken from one locality to another, to see the condition of the enormous droves of cattle which fed over this wide domain that Lionel had purchased—in part, rented—in part, and used at his convenience—in part—it was always Grim Jim who accompanied his master. When visits had to be made to some town for supplies, Grim Jim was with Lionel—if Lionel went at all.

I said Grim Jim was grim. So he was. Grim and silent. Lionel sometimes found himself trying to decide in his own mind how much he had heard him say—how much he had really learned of this man who had grown to be his almost constant companion, without having asked, and without having been asked. Lionel's conclusions were always unsatisfactory; he had heard his companion say so little; he had gathered but so meagre an account of his faithful servitor from anything he had ever said. And yet, so Lionel reasoned, the silence of the wide and almost empty plains, with the sky seeming to shut closely down above them, while stretching away in a wonderful level vastness to the distant horizon-rim, was not conducive to conversation. He—he himself was getting into the habit of silence, though—though—he guessed there was another reason for that than the silence of the plains and the emptiness of the scenery—guessed it—feared it—knew it—and—But more of that hereafter.

He reasoned, as I have said. But he reasoned still more. Though a man should say little, so he said to himself, here in these far-stretching solitudes, that little should mean much. And he knew that no key to Grim Jim's past or future, and no light upon his present, could come from any words he had ever heard him utter. Who he was; where he came from; what crime or sorrow had cast their blight upon his life—nothing of these things did he know—nothing could he know.

On the other hand, Lionel's conclusions were no less unpleasant, as he summed up the debit and credit sides of this human account-current from day to day. If Grim Jim said little—did he not say much? If Grim Jim meant little—were not his own words full of meaning? If Grim Jim's life was a sealed volume—had he not opened his own freely and fully, inviting this strange companion to read it all? He could never be so dishonest to himself as to answer these questions in the negative; he never found it quite pleasant to have to say "Yes" to them all, and to have to give an added emphasis to his answer with every season of self-questioning.

Lionel Dayber knew so little of Grim Jim? Is that true? Do not be too sure! There are other and better ways by which to know men as they are than through the words their lips—crafty and cunning, perhaps—may let fall. Could Lionel Dayber ride by this man's side, day after day, week after week, and not know if he were kind—or cruel? true—or false? brave—or cowardly? If he could, I am sorry for our friend Lionel Dayber.

Lionel had wished to have a home in the midst of his new South-western possessions. He had desired to see the men in his employ gathered about him at night-fall—when the long days of toil were over. He had had an idea of a sort of patriarchal life, with himself as the central figure, which was as pretty as it was seemingly impractical—as pleasant as it would have been impossible to another and a more ordinary man. But with him, there was no admission of the impossible. Money had been the one thing lacking in his life; with the gift of wealth he had lifted his head undoubtedly, to face every feature of his wildest wishes—"I can" always on his lips—"I will" always in his heart.

In another age, some hundreds of years antedating that in which Providence had placed him, he would not have contented himself with ruling over a cattle empire and a colony of cowboys, nor would he have stooped to so ordinary and common a method of getting possessions and power as paying cash for them. All of which may be summed up by saying that he was a true Dayber, despite the many alien marriages among his ancestors, and that what he wished, that he meant to have, as had been true of all the Daybers he had ever known or heard of. Lionel was much such a man as Nathan had been. He was much such a man as Nathan would have continued to be—could the dead Dayber have been contented to stay in their graves, or he wise enough to think they did.

There had been one serious difficulty to consider in the very beginning of Lionel's plans. There had been one thing which had caused him more anxiety than all his lands and cattle and men.

A woman? A very natural guess, my good reader. A guess which does infinite credit to your appreciation of the eternal fitness of things. But a guess that comes a little too early to be true, for all that, for Belle Liddon was only a little girl. Only—only—yes, I know! Be patient while I hurry to tell you that she was not yet six years old!

Lionel Dayber—this Lionel—had always been a quixotic sort of fellow. There would have been a dear little Belle Liddon, all the same, for some people's lives and stories, if he hadn't been. But there would have been none for ours. And that, as you are going to agree later, would have been unfortunate. So it is as well that Lionel should have been the sort of man he was where the troubles and needs of others were concerned.

It was about one year before the death of the Lionel who left the strange will—t' will which

enriched this Lionel—that Augustus Liddon died. Lionel had known Liddon for three months, or supposed he had; he had grown to be rather an intimate friend within a half-dozen weeks. Liddon had been a strong and hopeful sort of fellow, never out of humor with the ill-fortune which too often attended him. He had seemed too cheerful, to one who looked no deeper than the surface, to leave it possible for the multitude to think harshly of him regarding the manner he went out of the world. The circumstances were peculiar, to say the least; they might have meant suicide—had the man been any other than so bright a young fellow as Liddon; they might even have meant murder—had the dying man been one of the kind likely to have enemies; lastly, they might have meant accident, without there being anything more remarkable in the whole affair than accident always is. So, as the dying man either had not the time or the inclination to say, the little world out of which he went decided upon accident, and the coroner's jury ratified and confirmed the popular verdict. And if Lionel Dayber had always met any expression of this general conviction with a mental shake of the head, it was more because he felt that he had known Liddon better than others had, and that Liddon had reposed a greater trust in him, than for any other reasons.

But I am getting ahead too fast. I must go back and tell you of the trust which Lionel had accepted from the dying man he had supposed he knew so well—and found he knew so little.

It was getting so late that minutes were beginning to be very precious things, when Lionel had arrived at the bedside of the dying man.

"Promise me—that—you—you'll take my little—girl—girl—and care—for her," gasped the sufferer, looking up into the face of the sympathetic Lionel.

And Lionel, though he had never known that his friend was even married, gave a solemn and unqualified promise.

"Her—mother—" Liddon had said.

And that had been all! Living or dead, good or bad, true or false—Liddon had had time for no more. He had gone down to his death, carrying with him an unsolved mystery, and he a man unsuspected of having anything strange in his life until his life was going away from him forever.

Lionel had found no difficulty in obtaining possession of little Belle Liddon. Her board and her father's was some weeks in arrears, and the landlady of the humble house where he had boarded and lodged—house to which none of his friends and companions of the work-a-day world had ever been invited until swift consternation ran to bring them—had been more than glad to see the girl go, and to count over and over again the sum of money with which Lionel had made Liddon's accounts square.

Of legal formalities there had been some. But they had neither taken time nor given trouble.

There had been no one to claim Belle Liddon.

Besides Lionel, there had been no one to take a financial interest in her, in the days when a purely sentimental interest counted for nothing.

It was better and fitter in every way that Lionel Dayber, even in those old days of hard toil and little money, should assume the charge of this waif than that public charity should be burdened with her.

So she had had a home under the roof of the same boarding-house which had sheltered him, and he had had the pleasure of paying pretty heavy sums—considering the depth of his purse—for the satisfaction of keeping the promise he had made to Liddon. I sometimes think there was a providence in it all, and that the truth of Lionel to his trust was the root of his exceeding great reward.

Belle Liddon had grown to love Lionel dearly in the year which elapsed between her good fortune in getting so kind and generous a protector and his good fortune in getting so much of that the love of which is the root of all evil.

He had decided at once that Belle must go with him to his new home in the far South-west. She loved him so well—this man who had taught her to call him "Papa"—that his native kindness of heart would have made it almost or quite impossible for him to have left her behind him and among strangers. But, besides all that, he loved the child too well to think he could be happy out of sight of her sunny face and her sweet smile for long and weary months at a time. And, once more, besides all that and all this, I like to think there was a providence in it all.

Of course Belle could not go away into the new, rough life, to which Lionel was going, unacquainted and untried by a woman's hands and love. So he had thought as much of getting a suitable person to take charge of his home as he had of establishing the home at all; he had advertised for a suitable person—for a person of experience—a "housekeeper," he designated her—as widely and extensively as he had advertised for offers of different sorts of cattle, and for experienced men to care for them. He had advertised before going away to his new possessions—and long before he ever knew Grim Jim.

Mr. Lionel Dayber had much correspondence with a number of persons who were anxious to become inmates of his frontier home, and give to little Belle the love which it seemed she could never have from a mother. Most of them were willing to do as much else as might be required, including cooking for an unlimited number of cowboys—if that should be regarded as necessary. It took Lionel a long time to settle with himself the great and important question as to which one of all the applicants and correspondents he should employ. Indeed, his final decision was a negative rather than a positive one; he had arrived at it gradually, by a process of sifting, throwing out this one and that, as some unsuitable characteristic revealed itself in the letters which he read and reread, until there was only one person left of all those who had asked for the place. He had taken

up the letters she had written—two of them—and read them over very carefully once more when he had found that the matter of choice had thus practically settled itself. And he had experienced a curious sensation when he remembered that he had felt, from the very first, that this woman would be the one to come.

"Ah, well," he had said, reflectively, with a sigh, as he sat with the letter of the successful applicant before him, waiting for a little before putting pen to paper and so making his decision irrevocable. "I suppose any one of them would do well enough. They understand that it's a rough country to which they're coming; that the life will be rude and rough, and not free from hardships; that the men will be too busy to give them any attention, such as they might hope for in an older and more civilized community; and that the price given is sufficient to pay for all that must be done—all that must be given up. They've all had experience of sorrow; they would any one of them, doubtless, look on this fascinating life with a meek and resigned gravity. But—I've made my selection. Or my selection has made itself. Let me see what the nature of the prize I've drawn in this lottery is likely to be. A masculine hand, denoting great strength of character; brevity and conciseness, showing experience in the ways of the world, and consequently a good and respectable age; little reference to herself, denoting modesty; a clear statement of what she will do and what I must pay, indicating good sense. I think I could not have done better if it had been possible for me to return to the East, see the women who have written me, engage one after a personal interview, and help her in the long journey with the little girl. As it is—as I must engage some one in this way I have taken, trusting her to bring Belle in safety and health to her new home, I believe I am acting wisely in employing this one. And besides—I rather like the sound of her name; Irene Pankerton, Mrs. Irene Pankerton—I never heard the name before—but it seems solid and substantial, dignified and safe."

Thus had he spoken. After which he had taken up his pen and written to Mrs. Irene Pankerton to say that the position was hers, and that he enclosed an order on the people in whose charge he had left little Belle Liddon for the delivery of that interesting child into her custody, as well as a check for the expenses of the journey.

As surely as the detective employed by the agency to which Nathan Dayber had intrusted his interests found a way to enter the service of Lionel, and to go to the new home he had made for himself among the cattle and their herders, just as surely did Mrs. Irene Pankerton come to bless his home and his life. The arrival of the detective and of Mrs. Pankerton were not far apart in point of time. Grim Jim had been in the service of Lionel Dayber less than twenty-four hours when she came.

(To be continued.)

AN HOUR IN A HAND-BALL COURT.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN AMATEUR.

TO the unaccustomed traveler across the great bridge it would seem—to paraphrase a line—

"The paths of Brooklyn lead but to the grave."

Each street-car bears its gaudy legend, "To such and such a cemetery," and the elevated runs over them, with its monopoly, "To all cemeteries."

But in spite of these grave suggestions, the City of Churches is full of attractive possibilities, and one of these is a visit to a tidy hand-ball court that is as much alive as anything could be. The exterior is a pattern of discretion. Nothing about the brick wall and nameless front doors indicates that exciting games and good cheer are to be had within. And yet, on several occasions, there have been over two thousand well-to-do men in line outside this very door, each man frantically waving a five-dollar bill and begging the privilege of buying a seat to witness a match game. As it is only possible for about three hundred to witness the game at one time, the confusion may be imagined. You may enter by a neat private stair-way and find a place in the little gallery, or you may pass the buffet on the ground-floor and peep through the narrow plate-glass lookouts in the dressing-rooms beyond.

Hand-ball is the Irish national game, and a very fine game it is. What cricket is to an Englishman, or base-ball to an American, or a private circus-ring to a French nobleman, that is hand-ball to an Irishman. For twenty years the game has been more or less known and played in America, and there are hand-ball courts in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and other large cities.

The special attraction at the Brooklyn court is the presence of Brooklyn's ex-Alderman, Phil Casey, a popular Irish-American, and the hand-ball champion of the world. There, too, you can see Lawlor play. He is champion of all Ireland, and they thought him champion of the world until Casey won that honor for America.

The ever-growing interest in base-ball has stimulated the game of hand-ball. The latter sport, keener, harder and more exciting than base-ball, is an admirable Winter game, from its being played in doors. A good many new courts are now being built.

In its primitive form, hand-ball, which is the old English game of "fives," with different rules, was played on the green turf in front of a high wall. In its present scientific form it is played on a floor between three high walls, where a ball may rebound with as dazzling an intricacy of angle as a billiard-ball among its cushions.

In the Brooklyn Hand-ball Court, which is a model of its kind, the floor is of pine four inches thick, the end of the hall against which the first play is made is of marble, and the side walls are of Portland cement. The light falls from a mammoth sky-light in the ceiling, and at night from circles of gas-jets set against the sky-light.

It is impossible that a hand-ball court should have an adequate seating capacity, since the entire floor and three sides of the wall are required for the game, leaving only room to suspend a steep

little gallery at the further end of the court. Seats in this gallery are five dollars each when a big match takes place, and even at that price there are hundreds willing to pay who cannot obtain admission. During the progress of a match the betting runs very high. The referee and the scorer take position in the gallery, where, also, there is a tiny desk for reporters. Matches are played for a purse, anything from \$200 up, and a division of gate-money.

As in other sports, medals and trophies sometimes add to the interest. Informal matches are often played on Sunday, for the benefit of business men belonging to the Brooklyn Hand-ball Club who love the game but cannot give any time to it on week-days. The crush on these occasions is said to be something extraordinary.

Hand-ball is essentially a manly, high-class sport, requiring, as it does, a supple body, a quick eye, a level head and tremendous endurance. The game, played by four at a time with a ball like a small base-ball, is swift, decisive and exciting. It calls for good habits and self-control on the part of the player. No man who is ill-natured, intemperate or thick-headed can succeed at the game. It is classically picturesque to behold. The men, in their red or blue tights, are silhouetted against the highly illuminated background of the court, and the ceaseless play of the muscles is visible in crisp, distinct angles. The game is peculiarly attractive to bettors on account of the neck-and-neck competition and the fact that it is played with perfect sincerity.

The champion of all Ireland is a lithe, plucky little chap of twenty-seven. He was born in Pennsylvania, raised in Dublin, and has brogue soft and brilliant as emerald plush.

"Oi attribute me soocess," says he, "to the fact that Oi've never tasted woin'e sperrits, 'r used tebaccia in any foorm. It's a verry labo-orious game," he continued, "n' there's nothin' 'll kape a mon down so foine."

"Is the game played here exactly as it is in Ireland?" asked the representative of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

"It's the same game, but there's mony little differences. In Oiceland the court is often wider 'n' longer nor this, an' the flure is foiled. The toils make a great difference; ye kin scoop 'r sloide the ball along, an' it doesn't rebound so farr."

"What is your policy in playing?"

"Oi aim furst at fatiguen' me oppo-onint. Oi git him toired whin Oi kin, an' sometimes Oi git him mad. Oi don't fancy me own playin' much for short games. But whin Oi've a long match Oi'm apt to win over mony a betther player nor meself be me sound wind an' me endoorance. Whin a mon founds he can't git rid of ye, an' ye'll never let go, an' ye're always boi him, he's apt to git discouraged, an' ye git the best of the game."

"Of course, you depend on your skill?"

"Av course; a mon must furst be a foine player, 'n' thin abovo all he must have a love furr the game. It's me love furr the game that makes me the like that Oi kin nivver want to give up 'r quit playin'."

"Do you think a man's physique has anything to do with his success?"

"That it has. A big man kin give a ball moore foorce. The shkll an' the solence bein' equal, Oi think the larger mon with th' moore powerful frame has th' advantage in anythin'."

The champion of the world was born in Ireland about forty-one years ago. But he has been a naturalized American citizen so long that in some mysterious way he has acquired a Scotch accent. He is a big, sinewy blonde, with a skin so fine and clear that any belle might envy it. He looks about thirty years of age. He never smokes, but rarely touches liquor, and never chews anything stronger than a tooth-pick. In a manly, good-natured way, he is quite ready to discuss his favorite pursuit.

"The policy of me gaem," says he, "is to mek t'other mon do all the wrurk, and tire him oot."

"How is that accomplished?"

"Be never lettin' a mon imagin' what ye're to do next. If ye can mek him think ye're to throw the ball one way, and at the sem time ye send it in another direction, ye give him so much moor runnin' than he bargained for, that the first thing ye know ye've got your mon."

"Then the idea is that you stand still and do the thinking, while the other man flies around and takes the exercise?"

"That's verrr like it. It's th' sem in all th' other affairs of life. Ye want to keep cool 'n' never show yer hand. A mon that don't know what ye're to do kenna't anticipate ye."

"Isn't it impossible for any one whose hands are not thoroughly hardened to play hand-ball?"

"So much th' worse for the ball if a mon's hands 're harrd. Thet's the curious part of it. To guide well the ball yer hands should be soft an' souple. My hands, yo see, are like a wooman's."

"How do you keep them so?"

"Thet's the verrr question a docherr once asked me, an' I'd to tell him that all I did was to wash them well in verrr warm water before they'd get cool after the gaem."

"Do you think a man's size has anything to do with his success at hand-ball?"

"Not a bit in the wurrld. It's all a question of science 'n' intelligence. Luk at the foine player Courtenay is, an' he weighs but an hundred 'n' twenty pounds."

"Now that you are champion of the world, you have presumably no more honors to win, unless you can get over to the moon?"

"Well," said the champion, with a twinkle in his eye, "I'm champion of the wurrld, an' that's all there is about that. But ther's a mon from Australiay I am waitin' to meet whenever he'll agree."

ZAX.

WINTER SUNSHINE ON GALILEE BEACH.

GALILEE BEACH is a section of that long, sandy strip of New Jersey coast extending southward from Sandy Hook, and separating the broad, placid Shrewsbury River on the one hand from the tempestuous Atlantic Ocean on the other. An unbroken succession of fishing-villages, life-saving stations, bathing-beaches, hotels and summer colonies of fashion, strung along a railroad that runs to the extreme point of Sandy Hook, extends from the base of the Highlands to Long Branch, a distance of half a dozen miles. In stormy weather, this is one of the roughest places on the whole coast-line. The great surges burst upon the beach with awe-inspiring roar, and many a noble vessel is "docked in sand." But in this ever-varying climate there are many days of winter when the sun shines with genial and almost languid light and warmth upon the clean white shore, which contrasts so vividly with the dark purple and green of the heaving sea. Then the fishermen of Seabright prepare their nets and lines, and their wives and children enjoy an exhilarating sun-bath such as Old Point Comfort

itself could not surpass. Such is the scene depicted in the engraving on page 340, from a sketch made scarcely twenty-four hours after one of the wildest storms of the season.

THE NEW DYNAMITE CRUISER "VESUVIUS."

THE new dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*, the first of her type, has turned out complete success in the matter of speed; and there seems to be no doubt that the forthcoming trials of the pneumatic dynamite guns, on the Zalinski system, which she carries, will prove equally satisfactory. This expectation appears to be the further justified by the fact that, presumably as a result of the success of the experiment embodied in the *Vesuvius*, two new Bills have been introduced in Congress, one of which proposes to construct two steel rams at a cost of \$1,500,000, to be armed with heavy rifled dynamite guns and pneumatic torpedo-throwers, while the other provides for two steel cruisers, at a cost of \$750,000 each, armed in a like fashion. The method in which the pneumatic dynamite-throwers are mounted on the *Vesuvius*, together with an illustration of the supposed effect of their projectiles upon a modern iron-clad, is interestingly shown on page 336. Of course the range, accuracy and destructive power of this novel engine of modern warfare are yet to be ascertained by careful trial and experiment; but it is certain that great hopes have been inspired by its performance thus far.

As to the speed of the *Vesuvius*, on the recent trial trip from the Cramps' ship-yard in Philadelphia, down the Delaware River and Bay, she covered a measured course of 4.57 knots in 12 minutes and 44 seconds, showing a speed of 21.47 knots per hour. The contract calls for a speed of 20 knots an hour. This run of 4.57 knots was understood as being in lieu of the four runs over the measured mile mentioned in the contract. The Trial Board, however, asked for a second run over the course. This run was made in 15 minutes 34 seconds, with only two out of the four boilers under forced draught. In consequence the steam-pressure was, maximum 160, minimum 128, and revolutions mean 258, as against steam maximum 165, minimum 145, revolutions mean 268, on the first run.

EMIN PASHA'S WORK.

"THIRTEEN and a half months have elapsed," says the New York *Sun*, "since Emin Pasha penned the last lines that have reached his friends in Europe. We know that then this remarkable man was hopefully facing the future, determined that the seeds of order, good government and civilization which he had planted in Central Africa should not die if he had the strength to save them. He still maintained ten stations, scattered over all parts of his province. He had 2,000 trained soldiers, mostly natives of the country, whose courage and fidelity he had tested in several battles with the Mahdist forces, in the last of which he dealt the Soudanese so heavy a blow that they let him alone until this year.

"He had for two years kept himself most of the time in the southern part of his province, because in that direction alone was there any hope of re-opening communication with Europe. There he was at Wadelai a year ago last November, making garments of cotton he had planted and spun, making shoes of ox-hides he had taught the people to tan, using honey instead of sugar, hibiscus-seeds instead of coffee, making candles of wax, and soap of tallow mixed with ashes, living on a few vegetables and meat, and waiting for Stanley, of whose coming he had heard. 'I will on no account leave my territory,' he wrote. 'All we ask is free and safe trade route to the coast. Evacuate our territory? Certainly not.'

"What had this man done for the region through which the Upper Nile flows for 400 miles? When he assumed its government, ten years ago, it was costing Egypt \$160,000 a year above the revenue it afforded. In four years he had expelled all the Arab slave-dealers in his province. He had supplanted most of the Egyptian troops by natives he had trained to arms. He had introduced the cultivation of cotton, indigo, coffee and rice. He had rebuilt all his stations, had constructed permanent roads and established a weekly mail between them, introduced camels and oxen for transport, and the last year he was able to communicate with Cairo he turned into the Egyptian treasury a net profit of \$40,000. He was, besides, loved by all the tribes who lived in his territory. 'These natives,' he wrote last year, 'have stuck bravely to me, and they deserve the best government and help that can be given them.'

"The saddest news we have heard from Africa in many a day is that the work of this great and many-sided man is probably at an end, and that the people he so ably and heroically served are remitted again to barbarism and the slave-hunter. And the calamity is doubly grievous if that other great friend of Africa, who laid in the Congo basin foundations of progress like those Emin Pasha was rearing in the heart of the continent, is now the sharer of his terrible misfortunes."

THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Philadelphia *Press* writes: "The Emperor of Japan is rich. He is allowed \$2,500,000 a year for his household department, and his private fortune is large and increasing. The Chamberlain tells me that he thoroughly understands business matters, and that he keeps himself well informed as to his investments. Some of these are in the public lands and roads, and they are, of course, managed by officials appointed by him. The household department is as much a part of the Japanese Government as is our Navy or Department of War a part of the United States Government. It has to do with all matters relating to the imperial palace and to the Mikado. It prescribes the ceremonies and attends to matters connected with the life of the Emperor and Empress. It has a board of chamberlains, a board of ceremonies, a department which takes care of the Emperor's horses, and one which has charge of the imperial sepulchres. It contains a bureau of nine imperial physicians, and I note that Prince Iwakura is grand master of the imperial kitchen and its cooking."

"It was at the Imperial Household Department that I held my interview with the Court Chamberlain. We sat for two hours together and chatted of the Emperor's habits. 'His Majesty,' said he, 'is a very studious man. He rises early and breakfasts at seven or eight o'clock. He uses the knife and fork in eating when he takes foreign food, and he adopts the chopsticks at his Japanese dinners. He eats at a table and sits upon chairs. He varies his meals, sometimes taking foreign food

and sometimes Japanese. He is fond of meats, and has a well-trained Japanese cook to serve them for him. It is not customary for him to eat with the Empress, and he usually eats alone. After breakfast is over he goes to his study, and here at nine o'clock he receives such Ministers of State as have matters to report to him. He knows his Ministers and understands the departments over which they are placed. His audiences with them often last until twelve o'clock. At this hour he returns to his own room and takes his lunch. This usually consists of fish, meat, bread and wines. He is a good eater and likes good wine."

"After lunch His Majesty spends some time in reading the newspapers and books. All of the leading Japanese newspapers come to his palace, and he watches closely the current of public opinion. Many of the newspapers are marked, and in the case of the foreign papers of Japan, the more prominent articles are translated for him. Articles in the New York, London and Paris papers which have a bearing upon Japan are also translated and handed to him to read, and he is especially fond of the illustrated foreign papers. He thus keeps posted on what is going on the world over. After reading he takes his exercise, and his dinner comes in the evening. Sometimes the Empress dines with him, and at times the little prince, who is the heir to the throne, has a seat at the table. Both have, however, their separate establishments. The dinner is served in *table d'hôte* style and with all the European accompaniments.

"He is especially fond of horseback-riding. He has about three hundred horses in the imperial mews, and he sits a horse well. He has a big race-track in the grounds of the new palace, and he is much interested in horse-breeding as well as in horse-racing. He attends the races in Tokio and in Yokohama, and is fond of watching his nobles play polo. This game is often played inside of the palace-grounds, and His Majesty hunts deer and wild pigs on his imperial preserves. He shoots well, but as a rule he prefers to watch the others hunt. A great party of nobles accompanies him, and there are many pheasants as well as the larger game. Another favorite pursuit of the Emperor is duck-netting, and there will be opportunities for this sport in the new palace-grounds. As in other sports, the Emperor prefers to look on, though he sometimes throws a net himself."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

As a wood-preservative, naphthaline is now used in Scotland, its action being to destroy all albinoid compounds in the wood, leaving it dry and clean to handle, and with only a faint aromatic smell. The naphthaline is melted in a vessel capable of being tightly sealed, and in this the wood is saturated.

SPECTACLES (to be used in surgical operations), lit by means of a small electric lamp, are a new invention. The lamp is arranged to send a beam of cool light on the part to be examined; meanwhile the rims of the spectacles exclude the outside light from the observer's eyes. The current is conveyed to the lamp by wires connected to the small terminals.

DRS. HENOQUE and FREDEL, in a communication made to the Biological Society of Paris, state that the extraction of a tooth may be rendered painless by spraying the neighborhood of the external ear with ether. The anesthesia of the trigeminal so produced extends to the dental nerves, and thus renders the production of the general anesthesia needless.

An old toy has been reproduced in the form of a paper-weight containing an apparently living bird or insect. A miniature electric generator in the base causes the artificial creature to flap its wings and produce a peculiar rustling sound, the imitation being so deceptive that a certain sensitive lady accused the inventor of cruelty in imprisoning a live butterfly to die of starvation. A new lamp-shade contains a vane wheel so mounted that the current of heated air from the lamp rotates a series of colored bands, behind a perforated design on the shade, producing a beautiful effect.

MR. F. H. SHELTON tells how to thaw frozen pipes: "I took over from the pipe some four or five inches—just a crust—of earth; I put a couple of bushels of lime into the space, poured water over the lime and slacked it, and then put canvas over that, and rocks on the canvas, so as to keep the wind from getting underneath. Next morning, on returning there, I found that the frost had been drawn out from the ground for nearly three feet. You can appreciate what an advantage that was; for picking through frozen ground with the thermometer below zero is no joke. Since then we have tried it several times. It is an excellent plan if you have time enough to let the lime work. In the day-time you cannot afford to waste the time; but if you have a spare night in which to work, it is worth while to try it."

PROFESSOR JOHN A. BRASHEAR, of Allegheny City, expects to astonish the astronomical world by two telescopes which he has just completed for Professor Lewis Swift, of the Warner Observatory, at Rochester, N. Y., and W. R. Brooks, of the Smith Observatory, at Geneva, N. Y. They are the largest instruments of the kind ever constructed. One of the additional features added is for use in observing the hydrogen-flames which extend for great distances beyond the sun's surface. On the new instrument the position of both observer and telescope are permanent. Certain parts of the instrument are illuminated by a tiny electric light of three-candle power. There is also an attachment for photographing the spectrum of the sun and stars. It was Professor Brashear who made the grand spectroscope for the Lick Observatory in California.

THE BOSTON *Transcript* says: "There are on record enough accidents similar to that which wrecked the oat-meal factory in Chicago, a fortnight since, to prove the somewhat recent theory that the impalpable dust of any inflammable material may become a dangerous explosive. When this idea was first advanced it was scouted as preposterous; but disbelief and ridicule did not deter investigation, and scientific investigation proved the fact. But the question may be asked, If dust is an explosive, why are not our mills and factories, with their dust-laden atmosphere, in constant danger? Why is there not a dust explosion every day, instead of at long intervals? The answer is, that although in all these places there is a constant menace, it is only at rare intervals that the conditions are right. If we understand the matter, the danger-point is not when there is more or less dust in the air, but when the proportion of dust and air are combined in just that proportion to form an explosive medium. Then, and only then, a spark may arise into terrific activity the offspring of the union of these two harmless substances."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE population of Texas, by a census just taken, is in round numbers 2,025,000.

THE story that the Pope refused to bless reliquaries sent to him by an Irish priest is said to be a fabrication.

A WATERMELON TRUST has been organized in South Carolina. It represents growers controlling over 6,000 acres.

A DAILY London edition of the New York *Herald*, on the lines of that now published in Paris, will shortly be issued.

THE Italian Chamber of Deputies has adopted the motion to expend \$6,000,000 lire in military and railway improvements.

THE British House of Commons has rejected, by a vote of 167 to 160, the Bill providing for the closing of taverns on Sunday.

THE police census returns show the population of the City of Albany, N. Y., to be: Males, 49,903; females, 53,006. Total, 102,909.

A ST. PETERSBURG paper says that Persia has yielded every point contended for by Russia in the matter of the Consulship at Meshed.

THE President pardoned 136 convicts during the fiscal year ended June 30th, and granted amnesty under the Edmunds Law in three cases.

BATH (Me.) ship-builders have launched during the present year twenty-five vessels, with a gross tonnage of 12,205.02, and representing a value of \$400,000.

THE Indian Territory Convention just held at Hot Springs, Ark., passed resolutions in favor of the immediate opening of the Territory to white settlement.

THE Augusta (Ga.) National Exposition was closed on the 18th inst., after a successful run of forty-five days. More than 200,000 people visited the Exposition.

LAST Sunday week, for the first time, the saloons in Washington were tightly closed all day. No amount of persuasion or personal influence could procure a drink anywhere.

IT is estimated that \$100,000 has been sent as Christmas gifts to Ireland from Boston—nearly all of it by the servant-girls of that city and vicinity—during the last fortnight. One house alone drew drafts for \$60,000.

IN the trial of a trade-mark suit in London, England, the other day, a phonograph was introduced to reproduce a letter and other papers. The instrument worked successfully, and the presiding judge was surprised and pleased.

THE South Carolina Senate has rejected the Bill to establish a home for disabled Confederate soldiers and sailors, and passed a Bill amending the present pension laws by limiting the total amount to be paid out annually to \$50,000.

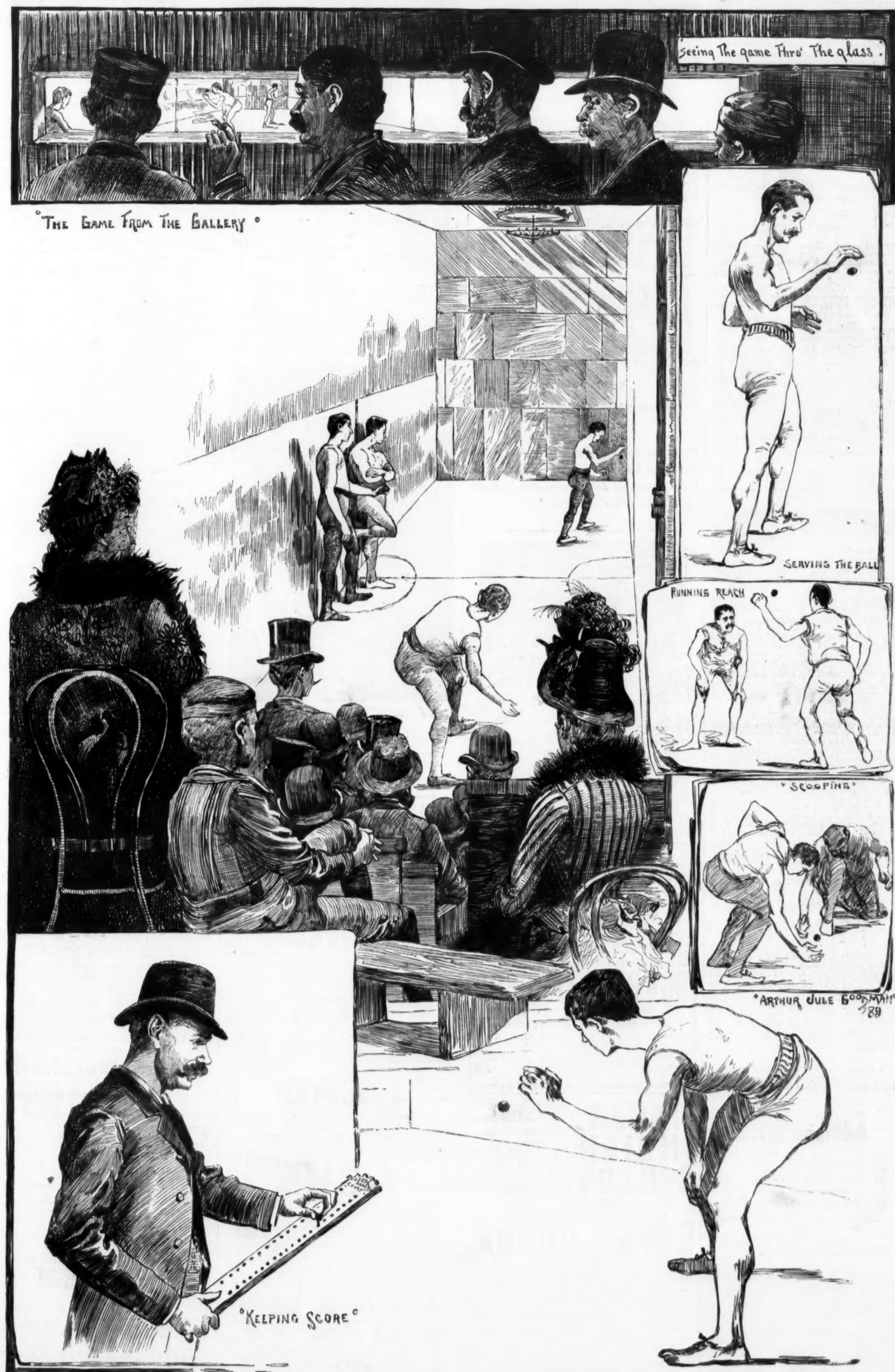
THE new Servian elections have resulted in an overwhelming majority against King Milan, which may cause him to abdicate. In that case Queen Natalie is likely to reign in Servia as regent during the minority of her son, the Crown Prince Alexander.

INTELLIGENCE from Hayti is to the effect



A PLEASANT DECEMBER DAY ON THE NEW JERSEY COAST.—PREPARING THE LINES FOR THE MORROW'S FISHING.
A SCENE AT GALILEE.

FROM A SKETCH BY JOS. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 339.



AN HOUR IN A HAND-BALL COURT IN BROOKLYN.
SEE PAGE 338.

Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume command it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the

Efficacy

of this preparation,"—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color, and firmly set."—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

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PREPARED BY

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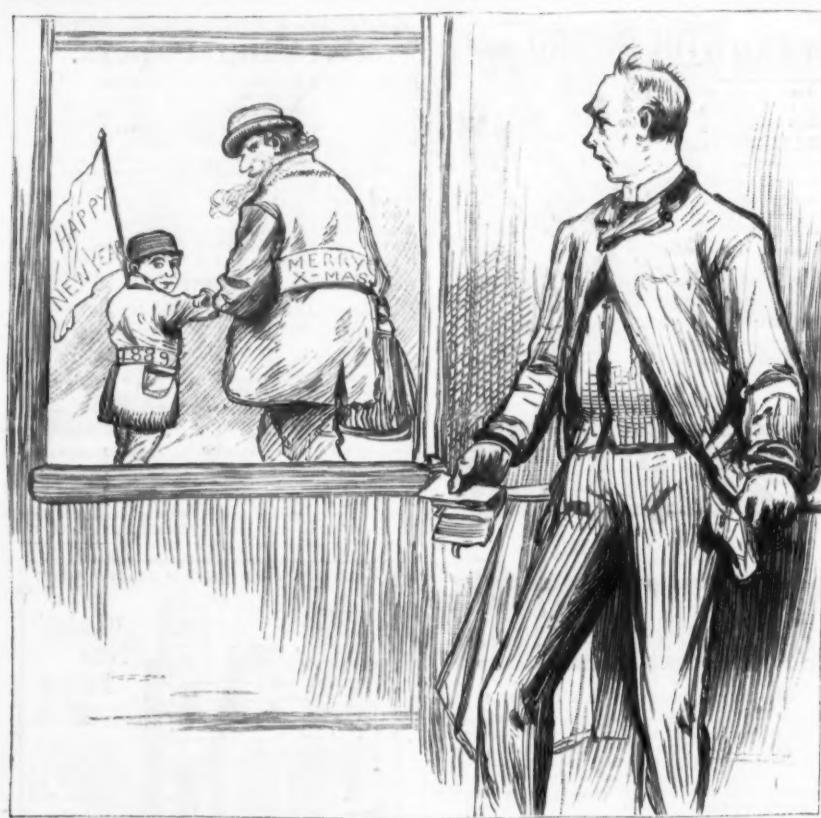
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